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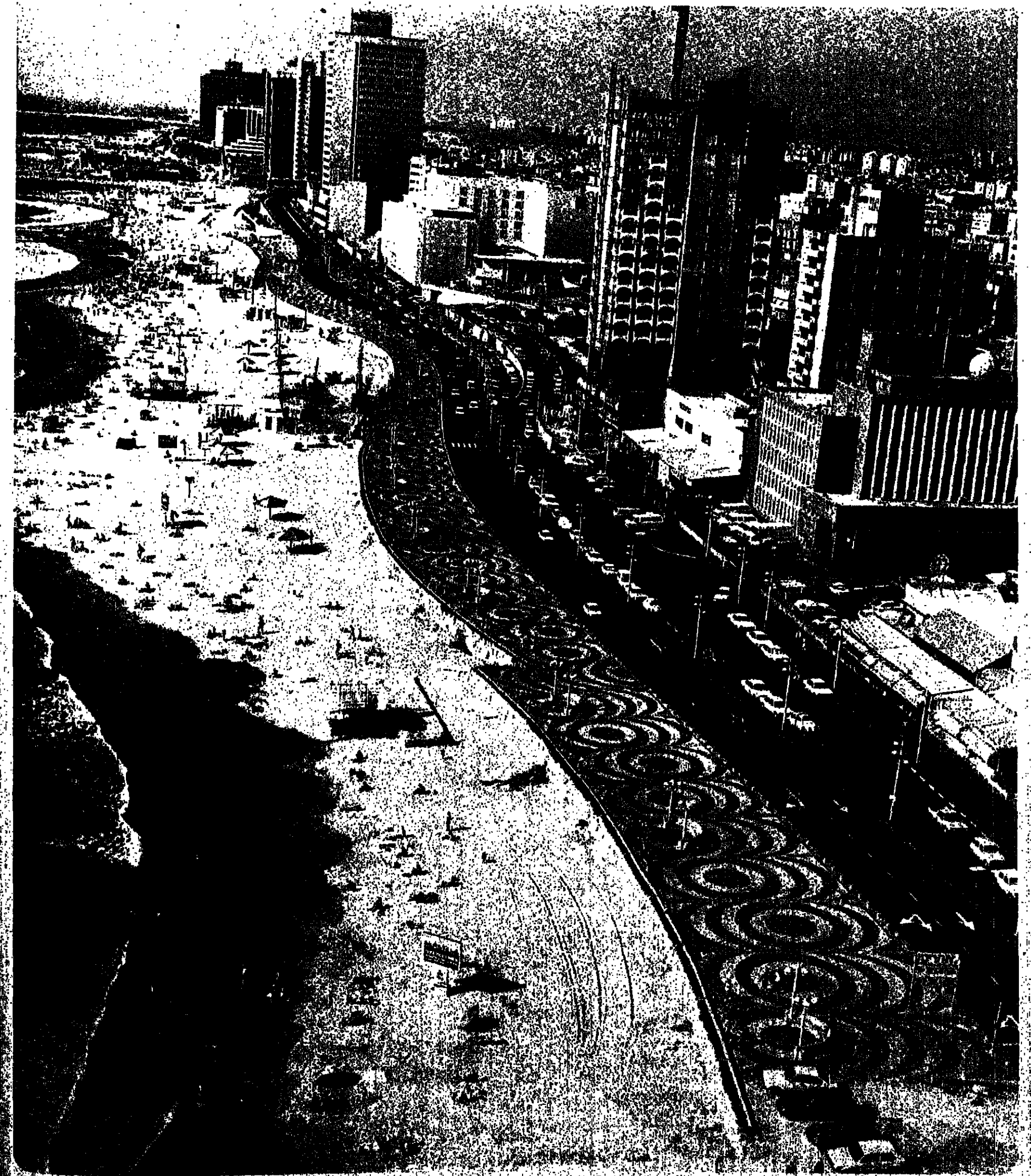
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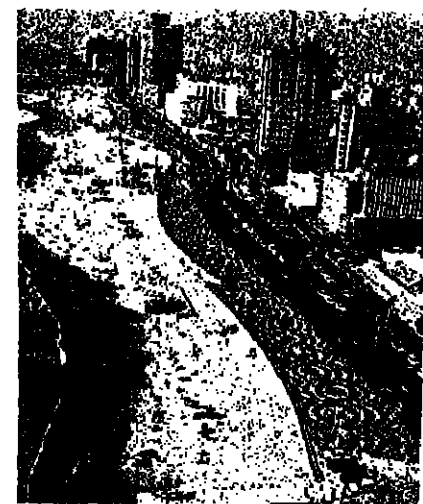
THE JERUSALEM  
**POST**  
MAGAZINE

Friday, August 10, 1984

Tel Aviv promenade







On the cover: The Tel Aviv Promenade. Photographed from above by Ron Erde.

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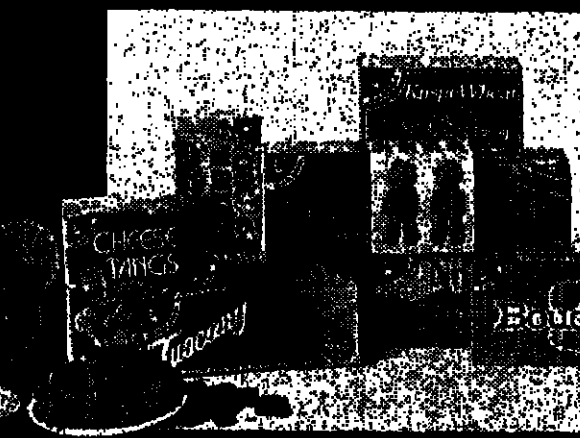
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# FRONT-LINE MINISTER

WOLF BLITZER accompanies Defence Minister Arens to a military exercise in the Judean Desert, and into Lebanon.

THE ISRAEL AIR FORCE'S military helicopter took off from Ben-Gurion Airport very early Monday morning. Inside was Defence Minister Moshe Arens, who would spend the day climbing in and out of the aircraft, criss-crossing Israel and Lebanon.

After picking up two passengers, including this reporter on a short visit from the U.S., at the helipad near the Knesset, Arens and his small entourage flew over Jerusalem, beyond Ma'ale Adumim, towards the Judean Desert and the Dead Sea. The Armoured Corps, paratroopers and others were winding up a complex training exercise. There were scores of tanks, armoured personnel carriers, jeeps, and other vehicles pounding away at an imaginary enemy target. Israeli fighter-bombers streaked over the "enemy" positions. Tanks fired deafening and clearly devastating blasts. Other big guns hammered positions several kilometres away.

Arens, wearing a short-sleeved white shirt with a button-down collar and light tan sport slacks, was quickly joined at an observation site by chief of staff Rav-Aluf Moshe Levy and other senior officers, including Tat-Aluf Yitzhak Mordechai, and Tat-Aluf Amos Yaron.

But the man doing most of the talking was the tat-aluf in charge of the exercise. In a booming voice, he explained to Arens and the others exactly what was going on, and what had occurred earlier.

Arens, an aeronautical engineer and former professor at the Technion, was obviously interested in the recent developments in military technology. He asked many questions.

"I want the IDF to be the most advanced military force in the world - in terms of its use of technology and the tactics that go with that technology," Arens told me. "I want this process to reach the point where the surrounding armies are bound to be surprised, if they ever want to engage us again on the battlefield, about the way we are going to handle certain situations."

THE DEFENCE MINISTER was impressed by what he had witnessed. "They encouraged me," he said. "We are doing a good job."

"It's important for me to see the army and to be witness to the important events in the army. This gives me a better understanding of what's going on."

"But more importantly, I have some very definite ideas about the direction in which the IDF has to go in order to be able to handle the very difficult situation we have with the force ratios we are facing from the Arab armies. I am pushing very emphatically in the direction of very rapid adoption of modern technology - and adopting tactics through the use of this modern technology. That was a primary point of interest to me in that exercise that I witnessed."

Arens was taken from one observation clearing to another in that rocky, barren area, in a four-passenger jeep. At one point, his military aide introduced him to Aluf-Mishne A, one of several Druse officers participating in the maneuver. "How's it going?" Arens asked. "Fine," the 38-year-old officer replied.

The minister made a point of chatting with many of the troops, always asking where they were from. No one seemed flustered by his presence. Indeed, Arens even knelt down at one point to question two soldiers who did not budge from their prone positions, when he started to talk to them.

"They were pretty tired," he replied when asked later whether he was offended by their seeming lack of respect. "Israel is a very democratic society. That's the way we want it to be. That's the way I want it to be. It really does not require much encouragement on my part."

THE CANDID, open atmosphere was evident in all his conversations with the troops. Soldiers spoke bluntly about all kinds of things, some of which he probably would have preferred not to hear. But he accepted the complaints well.

"You know," he told me, "there are people talking about the danger to Israel's democracy, and especially

after the last election. They misinterpret the elections. Israel is probably the most vibrant democracy in the world. There is no danger to Israel's democracy."

Back in the helicopter, the exercise was viewed as a success. Arens began to concentrate on the next item on his hectic agenda - the situation in Lebanon. After dropping off one of his aides at the Knesset helipad, the helicopter headed due north, first flying over Samaria and Tiberias towards eastern front in Lebanon. The red-haired pilot and his co-pilot followed the course on large, plastic-covered maps. It was only 9.58 a.m.

Some 30 minutes later, while the helicopter was being refuelled near the Lebanese border, Arens recalled his days in Washington as Israel's ambassador. He said he had seen U.S.-Israeli relations move from one of their low points - during the war in Lebanon in the summer of 1982 - to probably their best point today. There were many reasons for this dramatic improvement, including the very good personal ties he had established with Secretary of State George Shultz.

Speaking of Shultz's visits to the Arab world, he said that every time the secretary came to Israel from Beirut, Damascus or Amman, he automatically became a better friend; he had acquired a better appreciation of Israel's special problems.

Shultz, he said, had been very frustrated by his talks with the Arabs - as was also the case regarding the entire U.S. involvement in Lebanon. "Those things made him more understanding of our positions."

SHORTLY AFTER 11 o'clock he finally touched in Lebanon, at Kfar Ana along the eastern front with Syria in the Bekaa. From there, we were driven to Jebel Baruk, where an Israeli soldier had been killed and two others injured 24 hours earlier. Their armoured personnel carrier had driven over a mine planted in a winding, narrow dirt road. Arens wanted to inspect the scene.

Aluf Uri Orr, OIC, Northern Command, was the defence mini-

ster's guide. Tat-Aluf Doron, a tall, handsome officer wearing a flak jacket, was clearly nervous. The destroyed armoured personnel carrier had been brought down to a lower position on the steep mountain. Arens and Orr bent down to observe the charred hole underneath.

"Where was the actual mine?" Arens asked.

"It's still quite a way up the mountain," Doron replied.

"Let's go," said Arens in a low voice.

"Mr. Minister," said Doron, "I am not embarrassed to say that I would be scared to do that. It's a totally wild area. There could still be other mines up there. I think it would be too dangerous."

Arens looked at Orr, who nodded in agreement. The minister paused very briefly as the officers surrounded him, stared intently. "Let's go," he repeated.

And with that, we piled into two APCs and crawled up the mountain path. Arens was in the second vehicle, but that did not necessarily mean that he was any more secure. The APC destroyed the previous day had also been the second in a convoy.

IT SEEMED forever until we reached the scene of the incident. We were very quiet climbing the mountain. There was a wide, deep hole in the ground. Parts of the APC were still inside, awaiting an inspection team which would try to determine when the mine had actually been planted. We were only a few kilometres from the Syrian line, and, of course, there was speculation that a gang of terrorists had managed to slip across. But at that point, no one was certain; the mine could have been there for some time.

Arens spent nearly an hour discussing the incident with the senior officers present. He also questioned some regular soldiers, including a squad of Druse paratroopers. They spoke of Arye Boyarsky, the dead 22-year-old soldier. A former yeshiva student from Petah Tikva, Boyarsky had been scheduled to finish his service on August 20.

Later, back at the base at Kfar Ana, Arens and the officers relaxed

briefly. They had a cold drink and some sandwiches, cookies and fruit. They discussed the problems facing the Israeli forces on the eastern front.

Again there was an open exchange. Some of the troops, Arens was told, were complaining about the long stay in Lebanon. Veteran officers compared this situation to the War of Attrition along the Suez Canal in the early 1970s, when there were similar complaints.

The defence minister made it clear that Israel was anxious to remove its troops from Lebanon as quickly as possible.

The problem was to ensure that this could be done in a manner consistent with the security of the northern Galiilee.

I asked Arens what goes through his mind when he makes such trips. "Every young man who gets hurt or killed is a tragedy. I make it a point of going to see the location of every such incident, mainly because I want to see what can be learned to prevent the recurrence of a similar type of incident. I also make it a habit to see the families whose son was killed, and I want to be in a position to discuss with them the details of the circumstances in which he was killed."

Arens put the incident into some sort of perspective. "We are engaged in a struggle here to be sure that people in the Galiilee can continue to live peacefully as they have now for over two years. We're constantly wracking our brains to see if there is a better way of doing it, a less costly way of doing it."

"Clearly, we are up against groups, gangs if you will, whose purpose is to bring back the kind of terrorism we had a few years ago. The way we are forestalling and keeping them from doing this is by keeping the IDF in Southern Lebanon."

BUT AS BECAME clear when we flew to Nabatiye, some 20 minutes to the west, the defence minister and the IDF are very busy reducing the number of Israeli troops in the region. The South Lebanese Army,

led by Gen. Antoine Lahad, is making impressive progress in taking over responsibility for security in the area.

The stopover in Nabatiye was mainly designed to inspect the spot in the city centre where a handgrenade had killed another Israeli soldier - 19-year-old Yuval Shalev of Kibbutz Gesher - four days earlier.

Virtually the entire city had been sealed off for the Arens visit. Again, it was a potentially dangerous situation, which the IDF personnel clearly recognized.

I asked him why he had rejected the advice of the officers and risked the personal inspection.

"Everybody does his job," he continued. "And they [the officers] don't want to take any chances that

the defence minister might get hurt in an area for which they are responsible. But I have to do my job, and I felt that I wanted to see this place."

Arens is obviously looking forward to the day when all Israeli troops will be out of Lebanon. "Gen. Lahad has talked of a period like a year," he said. In the meantime, the SLA is increasingly taking charge of certain areas.

In Sidon, which used to be the worst spot in Southern Lebanon, the SLA now polices a major portion of the city, and we plan to turn over additional duties to them in the not-distant future."

There are similar plans in Nabatiye. In the town, Arens spent some time questioning an SLA officer and

a senior Israeli liaison officer to the Lebanese force about the problems.

"The most important thing," he said afterwards, "is that we are going to have a gradual transfer of responsibility each time we turn over a piece of Southern Lebanon to the South Lebanese Army and we can withdraw the IDF. We'll be one more step ahead and the job is going to be much easier for them on."

In the case of Nabatiye, we're in the process of handing over responsibility to the SLA. That doesn't mean that they're not going to have problems. But in the final analysis, it's a Lebanese problem and, of course, the best solution for us is to have the Lebanese handle the problem. We will assist them. In Nabatiye, I think, if you come back in a

few weeks, you will find the SLA can do the job."

The minister was told of problems in the training and capability of Lahad's troops. For one thing, morale is not always very high - for counter-attacking which, Arens proposed better indoctrination courses. But it was by no means all bad news.

"In some ways," he said, "I think they're probably better equipped, in the sense that they speak the language - all of them. They also know the area, and possibly they can even recognize that somebody belongs to some terrorist outfit before they actually have a chance to question him, just by the way he looks."

"Some of these things you can't expect Israeli soldiers to be able to handle. Israeli soldiers are very fine

soldiers. There probably aren't any better ones in the world. But they're trying to fight armies. Their primary job is not to do policing in densely-populated areas. But as you have seen, we also do that job very well and conscientiously."

Leaving Nabatiye, we drove back to the helicopter. It was a one-hour, non-stop flight to Sde Dov, just outside Tel Aviv. Arens' car was waiting to take him to the Defence Ministry. He glanced at the afternoon newspapers with headlines of the political jockeying to put together a new government. His mind had focused on other problems that day.

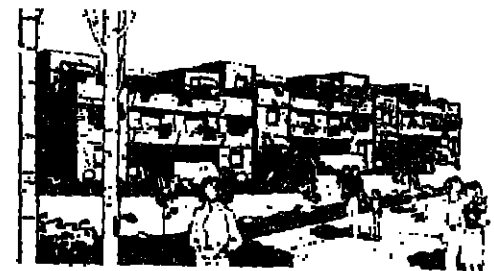
Wolf Blitzer, The Post's Washington correspondent, was in Israel on a brief visit this week.

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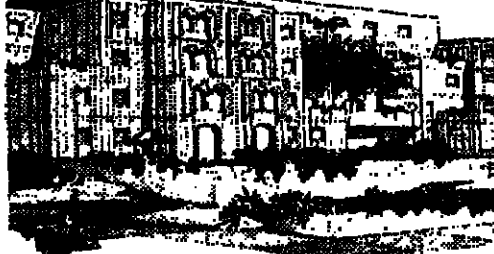
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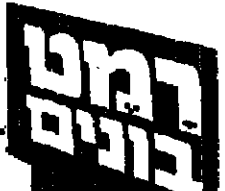
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FRIDAY, AUGUST 10, 1984

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

PAGE FIVE



AMID the public cries of woe and joy over the unexpected results of the elections to the Eleventh Knesset, little attention has been paid to the outcome among Israel's Arabs and Druse. What little comment there has been on the part of Jewish analysts has focused on the expected confrontation in the new Knesset between the firebrand of the new Progressive List for Peace, Mohammed Miari, and Kach leader Meir Kahane, who has made his demand for the expulsion of Israel's Arabs a central plank in his programme.

The real importance of the Arab vote in these elections, however, does not lie in these projected political pyrotechnics, but in the fact that for the first time ever a majority of Arab voters in Israel, 52 per cent, gave their votes to two distinctly anti-Zionist parties.

In the 1977 elections the Democratic Front for Peace and Equality, the guise adopted for the first time in those elections by Rakah, the Arab Communist List, came close to getting 50 per cent of the Arab vote. In the 1981 elections, however, the Communist vote went down to 37 per cent of the Arab voters, primarily as a reflection of the success of the Labour Party's exhortations that the Arabs join it in upstaging Menachem Begin's Likud.

This time around that same Labour line did not work. Labour's part of the Arab vote declined from 29 per cent to 22.5 per cent. The Communists also went down from 37 per cent to 34 per cent. The party that gained from these declines was the P.L.P., which in its first appearance managed to garner close to 18 per cent of the Arab vote and win two Knesset seats.

There is an element of irony attached to the P.L.P.'s second seat being occupied by a Jew. The new party's main propaganda line against its Communist competitor was that Rakah was not a truly Arab party because it always insisted on fielding an ethnically balanced ticket, one Jew for every Arab, with a Jew, Meir Wilner, leading the list. This, the P.L.P. charged, was done on the orders of Moscow.

But the two seats won by the P.L.P. will be occupied by Mohammed Miari, an Arab lawyer from Haifa, and by Matti Peled, a Jew and a former staff member of the Israel General Staff in the Six Day War. The presence of a Jew on the new list is believed to have turned off many voters.

In his guidelines for the projected election campaign in the Arab sector published in April 1984, the head of the Labour Party's Arab department, Ra'anan Cohen, pooh-poohed the prospects of the P.L.P. He not only doubted its performance at the polls but also its very ability to set up a joint list.

"It may well be that as a result of fragmentation and its inability to reach agreement on the personal makeup of the new list, two new Arab lists will emerge: one purely Arab and the other a joint Arab-Jewish list," Cohen wrote in his guidelines.

**HE WAS WRONG:** The P.L.P., which made its first appearance in last year's municipal elections (when the young Arab intellectuals and professionals who form its backbone split from their coalition with the Communists in Nazareth), did succeed in setting up one list in these elections. When I spoke to Arab informants before the elections I was told that the decision to include Jews in the P.L.P. list, prominently, despite the obvious embarrassment involved, resulted from an express

# Minority majority

For the first in 11 Knesset elections, more than 50 per cent of Israel's Arab voters supported parties which are non-Zionist. YOSEF GOELL analyses the voting patterns and looks towards the future.



Researcher Avner Reggev: Breaking the Rakah monopoly.

order from the PLO leadership abroad.

Which brings us to the second new departure of these elections in the Arab sector. For the first time ever, Arab parties — the Communists and the P.L.P. — vied openly for the declared support of the PLO. The Communists never tired of reiterating their claim that the Palestinian National Council (the PLO's "parliament") had backed Rakah since 1976; the P.L.P. retorted with quotes from the PLO paper in Cyprus, *Filastin u-Thawra*, to the effect that the PLO leadership supported them.

Several days before the elections, following the kiss-and-make-up agreement concluded between Yasser Arafat and the leaders of the left opposition in the PLO in Aden, Rakah leaders Meir Wilner and Tewfik Zayad rushed off to Switzerland to be photographed with Arafat and to get his approval.

However, the PLO's unofficial organ in East Jerusalem, *Al-Fajr*, came out in support of both lists and urged them to cooperate.

**ONE MAN** who correctly predicted the rise of the P.L.P. and its first-time success in these elections was Avner Reggev, a researcher at the Jerusalem Institute for Israel Studies and a former member of the Israel Security Services. In a symposium at Jerusalem's Van Leer Institute on May 16, Reggev analysed the rise of the new list and its success in last year's municipal elections, and predicted its breakthrough in the Knesset elections.

When we met again this week,

Reggev expressed the opinion that if new elections were held now, after the P.L.P. had made its initial breakthrough, it would get one or two additional Knesset seats.

As it is, he said, the P.L.P.'s two seats were won partly at the expense of Labour and partly from the increase in the number of Arab voters participating in the elections. "The percentage of Arabs abstaining or boycotting the elections had grown over the years to over 30 per cent. This time the participation rate rose from 68 to 77 per cent."

"But Rakah also lost and not only because its proportion of the Arab vote fell from 37 to 34 per cent. More important is the fact that its monopoly of the Arab anti-establishment vote was broken for the first time by the P.L.P."

Who is the P.L.P.? Reggev says its origins should be sought in the Committee of Heads of Arab Local Councils established in 1972. That body, he says, was set up in the face of a clear determination by the Israeli government (Labour at the time) not to permit the establishment of any nation-wide Arab political body.

Nonetheless, Reggev points out, the heads of the new body received tacit recognition from then prime minister Yitzhak Rabin, who met with them twice, in 1974 and in 1976, and spoke with them about national rather than municipal issues.

Rabin, it should be noted, made it clear to the heads of the Arab committee that the Israeli government rejected any demands for recognition of Israeli Arabs as a national minority and any demands for

national rights. When the Begin government took office in mid-1977 it withdrew whatever recognition had been extended to the committee as a representative body of Israeli Arabs.

MOHAMMED MIARI may be the head of the P.L.P.'s list in the newly elected Knesset, but the real head of the party is Kamel Daher, a Nazareth attorney and a son of a former Arab MK who had been elected on a Labour-affiliated Arab list in the 1950s. "My father was a Mapai MK, not an Arab MK," Daher said at the Van Leer symposium at which Reggev was the main speaker.

Daher told the symposium: "Our list is demanding equal rights for Israeli Arabs as citizens of Israel. But we are also demanding equal rights as a national minority."

Reggev, after the elections, agrees that Daher's pre-election position is representative of the P.L.P.'s aims. "Their demands are for equal rights in Israel as Israeli citizens, together with a just solution to the Palestinian problem (a formula which usually means the establishment of a Palestinian state alongside Israel)."

"But it is clear that their positions will lead them to put forward demands for official recognition as a national minority in Israel."

Reggev believes that the dynamics of the new situation will inevitably lead to intense competition between the P.L.P. and Rakah, with each vying for a more extreme position on the Palestinian issue.

At the May symposium, Ahmed Abu Ushe, the chairman of the Jatt (Little Triangle) Local Council, propounded the traditionally pragmatic position of the need for Arab voters to support Zionist parties, as a matter of self-interest. "It is obvious that Arabs are attracted to voting for all-Arab parties," he said. "The trouble is that they then run the danger of such a party being ostracized in real day-to-day politics, like Rakah has been. The best solution would be to have separate Arab factions in the major parties, and especially in Labour."

In an interview in Jatt before the elections, Abu Ushe identified himself as a disappointed voter for Moshe Dayan's Telem list in the 1981 elections. He said: "A few days before those elections I knew that my trust in them had been misplaced, but I was already so committed that I couldn't change my vote at the last minute. This time I'm identified with Mapam in the Labour Alignment."

Abu Ushe's penchant for wrong guessing was highlighted by the election results in his own village this time. Despite the fact that the only Mapam MK on the Alignment list, Mohammed Watad, is also from Jatt, the Alignment got only 300 votes in the village, and its proportion of the vote there dropped, from 42 per cent in 1981 to 19 per cent. Rakah also dropped, from 27 to 6 per cent. The P.L.P., on the other hand, took 58 per cent of the vote in Jatt.

JATTIS fairly representative of how the votes divided in the Arab sector. Rakah maintained its power in Galilee and especially in its stronghold, Nazareth. But the P.L.P. cleaned up in the purely Moslem towns and villages of the Little Triangle and Wadi Ara. It made impressive showings at the expense of Rakah in such places as Kafir Kassem, Tira and Jatt, and came in an impressive second in many other large Arab villages — in Galilee, too.

An important part of the outcome of the Arab vote in the July elections was also due to another first. For the first time ever there were no sectarian and family lists. In previous elections, these lists had always been affiliated with the Labour party. In the last elections they accounted for 13 per cent of the Arab vote. But they were also responsible for the squandering of many Arab votes, as most of these lists failed to pass the minimum 1 per cent threshold.

Despite the disappearance of these lists, the phenomenon of bloc voting by *hamula*, or extended family, is still prevalent among the Arabs and Druse. This can be seen from the fate of the Labour Alignment in two representative villages.

The last time the Alignment included candidate Hamed Halele of Sakhnin in the realistic part of its list, in 1981, it won 1133 votes (30 per cent of the vote) in Sakhnin, which has a name as a virulently nationalistic village. This time, with Halele dumped, the Alignment got only 477 votes in Sakhnin.

By contrast this year's realistic Arab candidate on Labour's list was the hitherto unknown Abdel Wahab Deraushe of the village of Iksal. As a result Iksal doubled its vote for the Alignment from 400 in 1981 to 800 today.

A similar picture can be drawn among the Druse, most of whose voters chose either the Likud, whose only non-Jewish MK, Amal Nasser e-Din, is from the Carmel town of Isfiya, or Shinui, whose number three candidate, Druse Zaidan Atsheh was re-elected to the Knesset after an absence of three years.

When one considers the fate of the Zionist parties among the Arab and Druse sectors, the Likud went down by more than 3 per cent from its 1981 high of 7 per cent; Shinui went up from 4 to 5 per cent (mostly among the Druse); the National Religious Party increased its vote from 3 to 4 per cent. Most impressive of all among the Zionist parties was Weizman's Yataid, which got 6 per cent of the vote, an indication of the importance of *hamula* voting in the Little Triangle, where the head of the Kafir Kara local council, Mohammed Massarwa, ran on the Yahad List.

**THERE WILL** be seven Arabs and Druse sitting in the present Knesset, compared with five in the outgoing one. The number could easily have been 10 had Rakah, which gets all of its votes from Arabs, run only Arab candidates, and had the P.L.P. run two Arab candidates instead of the one Arab and one Jew who got in.

Reggev says that the emergence of the P.L.P., which is truly representative of the Israeli Arab mood, creates a real problem. "In the past this trend would have been nipped in the bud (as Al-Ard was outlawed in 1966), or the young, educated leaders of the new movement would have been wooed into Labour and truly integrated into it."

He thinks these two paths are closed today, and he does not profess to know what the Jewish establishment should or could do about the rise of Arab nationalist power in Israel. What deeply concerns him is that the Jewish establishment, both in the Likud and in Labour, continues to ignore these trends.

"I understand what the Likud and Labour can offer Arab voters as an inducement. I'm aware of the inducements offered by Rakah in the Arab street. But what does the P.L.P. have to offer?" I asked Reggev.

"Exactly what the Likud has to offer the Jewish voter to offset its record of appalling failures: a sense of belonging and of identification for people who have always felt themselves to be outsiders."

*What does he give you? Perhaps a story. A woman with a story is, by all accounts, more than a woman without a story.*

**THE QUOTATION** is from a book called *Narrow Margins*, a novel by Ruth Peled about a middle-aged woman with a husband and a daughter and a job and a penthouse with a lush rooftop garden, who develops a certain relationship with a single man 15 years her junior. She apparently wants an affair; he apparently wants to borrow a family. They end up with a six-year standoff which occupies 148 pages in Hebrew, written as a letter of recollection and assessment from the protagonist to herself.

Peled, a psychiatric social worker, is a woman of many stories. A major one is the book and the response it has elicited, but that was preceded by her development of a system of group dynamics to reduce hypertension. Those two strands are more closely related than they seem.

In her person and personality, Peled seems a combination of vulnerability and iron will. Her fair hair and blue eyes are anchored by a determined jaw. She resembles the protagonist of her book, and the rooftop sun parlour in north Tel Aviv where we sit to talk for a few hours bears a striking resemblance to the venue of the protagonist's intimate night-long chats with her young friend.

Autobiography? Peled, otherwise outspoken, won't confirm it, but she speaks as if it is.

At least one reviewer faulted the book for a failure to maintain distance between the writer and the protagonist, but a couple of critics have tipped their hats to Peled for telling a gripping story succinctly and without pretension. The book, published by Sifriat Poalim, is in its second printing; there are lots of letters and phone calls from readers. With minor editing, Peled has translated it into English, and is now looking for an English publisher.

What does the eternal triangle have to do with the price of hypertension? Perhaps all of Peled's life stories go under the rubric of what she calls "the search": it includes a quest for intensity in human relationships that most of us give up after adolescence.

"If you want to get to Metulla," she says, "you have to keep trying. At least maybe you'll get as far as Haifa." The travel image applies to the book as well as to life in general: the "I" and "you" constantly trying to coax "him" to take trips, hoping that a shared adventure might break the barrier to their intimacy. But the effort always ends in frustrated talks in a car parked at the side of the road. The more she seeks a confrontation, the further he withdraws.

**EVEN IN THIS** interview she asked almost as many questions as she was asked, and extrapolated — usually correctly — from the said to the unsaid. She was open and forthcoming, and expected participation and response. Her frequent refrain of "Am I right or not?" was more than rhetorical.

She has about as much patience for the conventions of interviewing as she has for the conventions of therapy. She has worked extensively with delinquents, with kibbutzniks, artists, and now, in the hypertension groups, with directors-general and engineers. She says the Establishment accuses her of overinvolvement. She is aware that her mode of treatment is influenced by her own needs, but she also sees it as a matter of pragmatism.

"I have the ability to give," she says, "and some people say I do so



# Novel approach

Ruth Peled, who works with hypertensives, has also written three books. The books and the therapy are more related than they might seem. MARSHA POMERANTZ reports.

without knowing it. But I always feel I don't give enough... I've had patients here on full board. I've paid for their abortions... Why did I always have that need to justify my existence? Psychology bothered me because it's talk and not action. Why should they pay me for that?"

Some of her "overinvolvement" includes finding a possible friend for someone looking for friendship. "I started group dynamics because I had a lot of patients — Bohemian types — who were alone." The overinvolvement doesn't increase patients' dependence on her, she says. In the latter case, she was glad when patients could call each other in the middle of the night rather than call her. Provided, that is, that they got home by the middle of the night.

"We used to sit here till 3 a.m. sometimes and then go to pubs. They invited me to a party. One psychiatrist told me he would never go. I said: 'They'd never invite you.'"

The trouble with therapy, of course, is that it's very difficult to define success and failure. "If there's been no improvement, they can always say the person would have gotten worse without therapy," she says.

Because her techniques are controversial, she considers her results in lowering blood pressure "a gift from God": the effect can be measured in numbers. She first worked with hypertensives at Kupat Holim clinics, and when she got results the assumption was that it had to do with her personality. But her techniques were used by others in an experiment in 1983 at Beilinson Hospital, and her results proved reproducible.

The work was described in the January 1984 issue of the *Israel Journal of Medical Sciences*, in an article signed by Peled, Dr. D.S. Silverberg of Kupat Holim, and Prof. J.B. Rosenfeld of Beilinson.

Group therapy may be more effective than individual therapy, the authors say, because, according to many studies, "suppressed anger and resentment are more common among hypertensives than among normotensives, but most patients with hypertension consider themselves 'normal', denying unusual emotional problems and consequently refusing psychotherapy. Group therapy, however, is more acceptable... It is considered an instrument for increasing the communication skills of 'normal' people."

And the final paragraph: "In our

experience, group therapy was effective in lowering blood pressure significantly in the group of mild hypertensives who were willing to come regularly to the sessions, this effect lasting for at least a year after cessation of therapy. Clearly, longer follow-up of these patients and additional controlled studies are needed. Such therapy would be attractive since it would reduce the cost, inconvenience and side effects of medication, while at the same time reducing the patients' anxiety and improving their ability to communicate more effectively with others."

**IT WAS** the feeling that her unorthodox techniques were valid in therapy that gave Peled the courage to cast off the literary conventions she had tried in two earlier books and write *Narrow Margins* in what she feels is a more authentic voice.

"The book is built on conflicts which, to me, are existential," Peled says. Among the questions it deals with are "the ways people escape from gratitude, how much we expect from other people, the way expectations paralyse us, and the borderline between 'involvement' and 'domination'."

To this reader, the elements of obsession were convincing, but their object was a puzzling figure. Then again, perhaps trying to wring water out of a dry sponge rather than a stone would be only half an obsession.

To what extent does one get involved in an impossible situation for "the story"? Peled at first says she has no answer; the quotation about a "woman with a story" is ironic, "even a little cynical." She doesn't believe that the involvement is consciously self-destructive. "It's clear that a crumple like this is not something you choose."

But she does feel that "the moment you get something, it ends. The search is the main thing. If you search and find something, and it ends, then you continue looking."

For something that can't be realized?

"I don't know," she says. "But having some unrealistic aspect to life enriches it... Dreams by definition are not realistic."

She is irritated by "people for whom the administration of life becomes its content." They know "how many rooms they want, how many children, how many dogs." She goes on: "I can't relate to them because I know they aren't looking for contact. They're so happy with

their kids and dogs. I'm exasperated."

Regarding the demands we make on others, she says they may be realistic or unrealistic but to call them "justified" or not is a rationalization. "I give to get," she says. "No one is an altruist. But I realize more and more that you get from others, not necessarily the ones you give to."

She expected the book to interest middle-aged women. Some of the responses she has got are from that age bracket, but a surprising number of letters and calls came from people in their teens and twenties. Among the girls who expressed admiration for Peled's courage in writing the book was one who said she hopes "romance is not a function of age."

**DREAMS** that don't come true imply failure — and this is something particularly difficult for the "super-normal" hypertensives Peled works with. When she asks them how they respond to failure, they usually say they don't fail. "They get to Haifa and say they didn't want to get any further anyway," she says, getting back to geography. "They rationalize instead of finding a way to try again. But someone who doesn't know how to fail also doesn't know how to succeed."

Sometimes she draws on their competitive qualities to see which member of the group can relate the worst failure. Since they are achievers, she tries to help them distinguish between objective achievement and subjective achievements, which are less easily measured.

Talking to someone doesn't get the bills paid, but the feeling of contact it can provide is an achievement, she tells them. So is the emotional dare, the feeling of exposure.

She has them compete in lowering their blood pressure, and she appeals to their intellect — for instance in discussions about the borderline between consideration for others and self-abasement. When they deny ever being lonely, she talks to them about their own loneliness, and the fact that it sometimes occurs even when she is surrounded by friends.

Her goal is to make them "less normal," and one of the ironic results is that, when their blood pressure goes down, they sometimes get depressed. But acknowledging depression is part of the remedial process.

Peled works with essential

hypertensives — those whose high blood pressure has no apparent organic cause. They account for about 95 per cent of all cases, she says. She first began working at Kupat Holim as a volunteer group leader in Bat Yam. She had to call the members of the group before each session to convince them to come.

"Kupat Holim was afraid thousands of patients would come if the method was proven successful," she says, but there was no such problem. However acceptable group therapy may be, hypertensives are good at denying there's any problem to work on. "One man who still had more physical examinations to go through said he hoped they'd find something wrong with his kidneys — i.e. a physical cause — so he wouldn't have to come to the group. The group means exposure."

**MANY** doctors and psychologists have similar failsafe personality types and they aren't prepared to risk new treatment methods when they know that medication works. But prolonged medication inevitably has side effects and is expensive. For some professionals, Peled says, the saving is a more convincing argument than quality of life. It's something you can measure, like the size of a house.

Peled, who doesn't believe in yoga and other "forced relaxation" techniques, says "our existence is stressful. It's a matter of making the energy positive."

"I don't say that if you're angry you have to break plates. But you have to find expression for anger."

"When the doctor tells his patient not to get upset, the patient has three problems. He gets upset anyway, he feels guilty about not following the doctor's orders, and he continues to have high blood pressure."

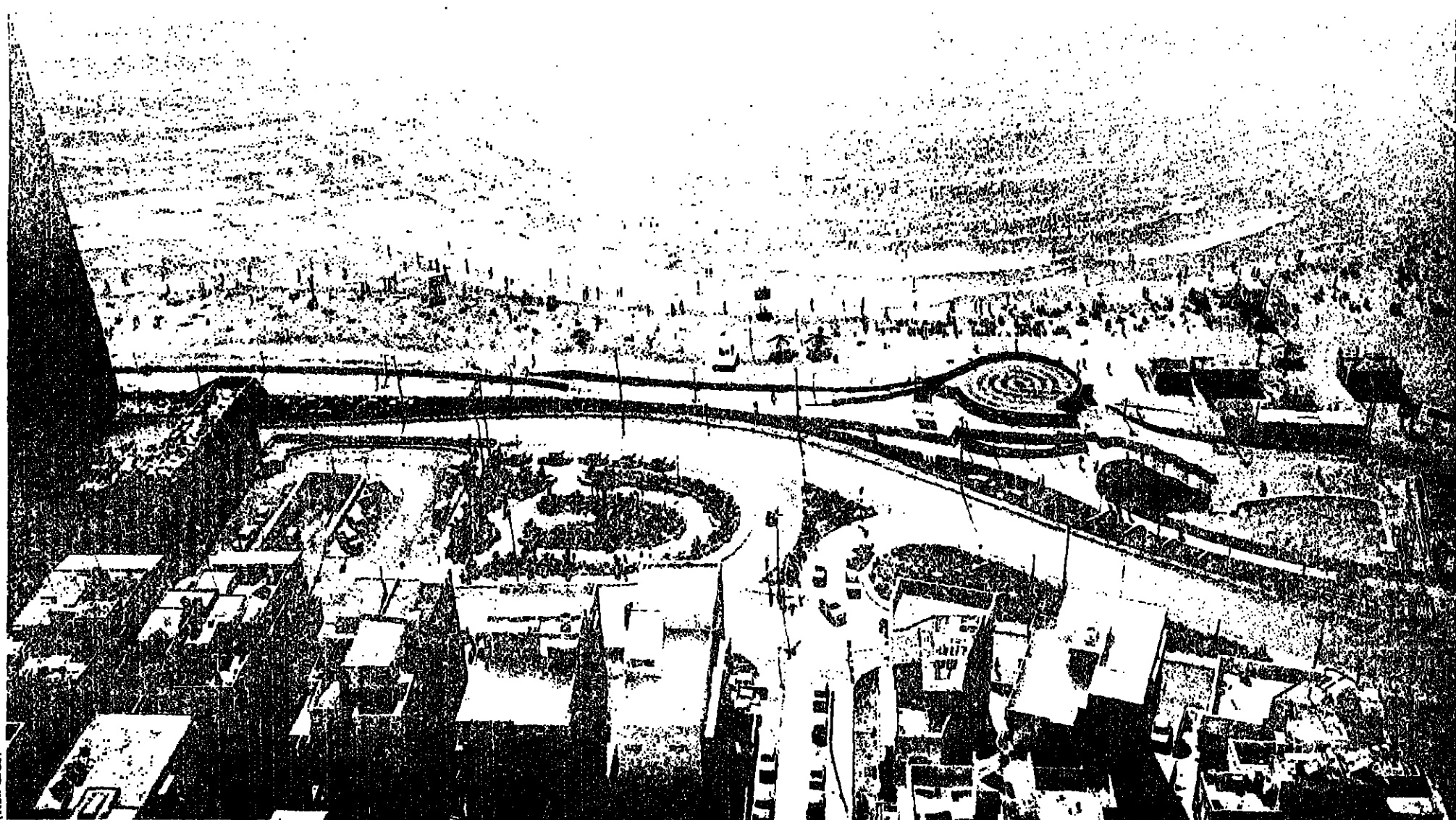
Hypertensives are "pleasers," and they don't have a clear enough order of priorities about whom they want to please. "I think I've succeeded with hypertensives because I'm the opposite of them," says Peled.

I don't know if "opposite" is the right word. We all need reinforcement, as she points out. But she has very specific ideas about where she wants to get her reinforcement. With her book, for instance.

"I wanted the book to sell. I wanted feedback, more than critical approval," she says. "If you have to choose between the critics and having some effect here and now, you choose here and now. Am I right or not?"



The Jerusalem Post Magazine is a weekly publication of the Jerusalem Post, published on Friday, August 10, 1984.



DAY OR NIGHT there's always something going on along the Tel Aviv Prom. Mothers pushing prams in the early morning, lovers in close embrace, oblivious to the bright lights and strolling crowds, at night; bathers in dripping shorts making their way up to the new cafés emerging alongside the two-toned brown, synthetic stone with which the Promenade is paved between the Dan Hotel and the Dolphinarium. Night and day, there is always somebody walking along the prom, dreaming, maybe scheming, or trying to have a quiet sleep below it on the sand before the early bathers and the municipal tractors invade the beach.

This is how Ya'acov Rechter, the architect whose brain-child the Tel Aviv Promenade is, envisaged it in the first place. He argued that Tel Aviv has few localities where people throng naturally at most times of the day or evening. The "city" in the original part of the town, near Rehov Herzl, is deserted after the shops close; and even North Tel Aviv is rather ghostly in the evenings, except on Dizengoff. The seashore is the place where people would naturally go, he reasoned.

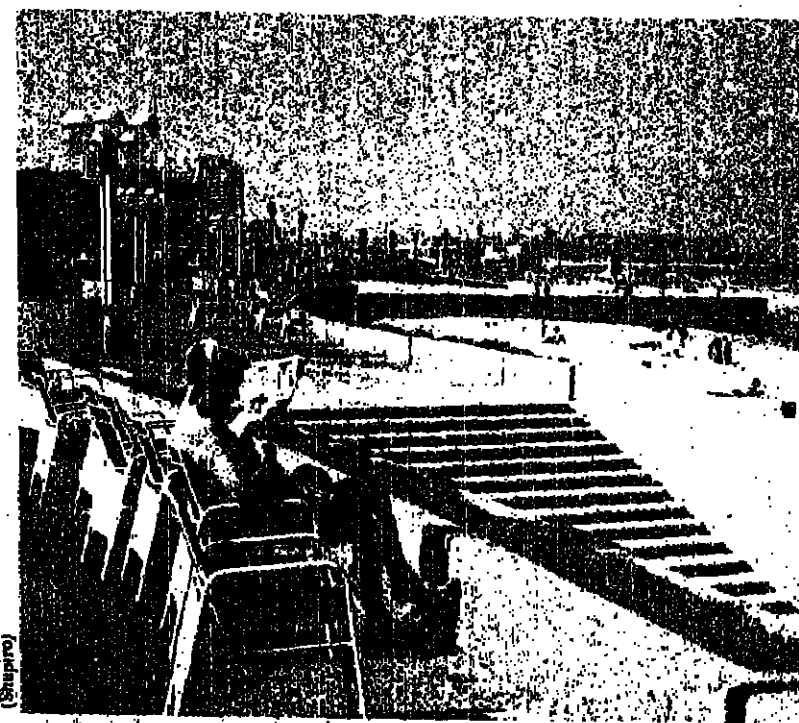
Of course, they always went to the beach; what Rechter did was to provide firm ground for their feet. Despite dissenting voices, the municipality financed the project. Within months, the prom has become a centre of attraction. When it is completed, one will be able to walk from about the old Sheraton, near the Yarkon river, to the Old Jaffa promontory in the south. At present, however, the paved section in the north ends south of the Hilton and starts again near the Dan, stretching halfway to Jaffa. It's a long stroll even as it is, not less than an hour each way.

ONE WOULD EXPECT that a respectable promenade would be flanked, on its inshore side, by innumerable shops with attractive

show-windows. Not so. Tel Aviv, a town largely built by shopkeepers, is oddly allergic to traders. From the moment the town reached the sea, in the latter part of the 1920s, the city fathers resolved that the panorama was not to be marred by shops. Only entertainment, which meant mostly cafés and eating places, were allowed to open on the Herbert Samuel Esplanade - a somewhat pompous name for a 100m. long stretch of one or two-storey buildings going north from Allenby Road. The only entertainment establishment in that section was a puppet show run by two old ladies. At the end of the row was a high-class café

called Tarshish. Years later, one of the waiters confessed to me how he started a career that eventually made him a rich man: "I received a five-pound note from an American tourist and gave him change for one pound. He didn't seem to notice."

THERE ALSO was the famous Casino, an awkward structure on stilts projecting into the sea, which was not a casino at all but an expensive café; it was wantonly destroyed by the municipality in the '40s. The whole area fell into disrepute since the '50s but has recovered in status and appearance since the Promenade opened.



PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND

# POST

## PULL OUT GUIDE

### The Poster

#### THEATRE

All programmes are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

**Jerusalem**  
**NOT NOW DARLING** - Comedy. Yael Theatre production. (Dorot Beit, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

**Tel Aviv area**  
**ALL MY SONS EXCEPT NAOMI**, or **THE SPORES OF SWITZERLAND** - Beit Leislin production. A satire on Israeli society. (Beit Leislin, tonight at 9.30 p.m., tomorrow, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

**CALIGULA** - By Albert Camus. Khan Theatre production. About the wicked Roman emperor. (Nave Zedek, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m., Sunday, Wednesday, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

**THE INTELLECTUAL, THE WHORE AND THE CLOWN** - Alim musical. Hesith production. (Old Jaffa, Hesith, tonight at 10 p.m., Thursday at 9 p.m.)

**INTIMACY** - By Siffert. Hesith production. Two women friends and their complicated relations with men. (Old Jaffa, Hesith, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

**THE KRUTZER SONATA** - By Edvard, Beit Leislin production. A study of sex and jealousy. (Beit Leislin, Upper Cellar, Thursday at 9.30 p.m.)

**NOT NOW DARLING** - (Holon, Rina, tonight at 10 p.m.; Nave Zedek, Monday at 9 p.m.)

**QUARTET FOR TWO** - Selection of love excerpts from plays by Beckett, Pinter, Wilde and Wilder (in English). (Imperial Hotel, 66 Hayarkon, tonight at 10 p.m.)

**REAL WOMEN** - Beit Leislin production. A presentation of seven variegated characters. (Beit Leislin, Upper Cellar, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

**Haifa**  
**NOT NOW DARLING** - (Haifa Auditorium, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

#### ENTERTAINMENT

**Jerusalem**  
**ADVENTURES IN JAZZ** - With well-known musicians. (Purgol, today at 1.30 p.m., Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.)

**APPLES OF GOLD** - Color documentary film about the history and struggle of the Jewish people from the time of the early Zionist movement to the present. (Laromne Hotel, tomorrow at 9 p.m.; Ramada Renaissance Hotel, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

**THE BEST OF SALOMON ALEKHEM** - Stories by the famous Yiddish writer, performed in English. (Holon, tonight at 9.40 p.m.; King David, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

**CAGLIOSTRO THE MAGICIAN AND FRIENDS** - Magic and improvisation from classic to modern. (Israel Museum, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

**ISRAELI FOLKLORE** - Taste of Israel Dances. Pezmei Eilatim folk dancers. (International Cultural Centre for Youth, 12 Elmek Refaim, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

**JAZZ** - Freddie Weisgal, piano; Eric Heller, bass; Saul Chabone, trumpet. (American Colony Hotel, Nabulus Rd., Thursday at 9 p.m.)

**MUSICAL MELAYE MALKA** - With new Danzora Yeshiva Band. (Mt. Zion Centre, tomorrow at 9.45 p.m.)

**MUSICAL MELAYE MALKA** - Hassidic rock with Selah. (Israel Centre, 10 Straits, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

**TERRACE CONCERT** - With The Terrace Quintet. Light classical, popular, folk and jazz music. (Israel Museum, Tuesday at 6 p.m.)

**Tel Aviv area**  
**DON'T SHOOT - I'M A PACIFIST** - A cabaret from the Thirties. (Beit Leislin, Upper

Cellar, tonight at midnight, Monday at 9.30 p.m.)

**DUDU TOPAZ** - Satire programme. (Mata Auditorium, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

**FOLK MUSIC** - The Parvarim and The Daulim. (Old Jaffa, El Luman, tonight at 10 p.m.)

**FRENCH CHANSONS** - Miriam Fuchs presents a cabaret from works written from 1900. (Beit Leislin, Upper Cellar, Wednesday at 9.30 p.m., Thursday at 11.30 p.m.)

**GUITAR HAPPENING** - With flamenco guitarist Haldi Omer and friends. (Beit Leislin, Upper Cellar, tonight at 10 p.m.)

**IMMOROUS PROGRAMME** - With Meni Pe'er and Tuvia Taffel. (Old Jaffa, El Luman, tonight at 10.15 a.m., tomorrow at 10 p.m.)

**JAZZ** - Danny Gottfried, piano; Albert Flament, flute, clarinet; Teddy Kling, reeds, contrabass. (Cafe Pils, 84 Hayarkon, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

**THE MAGICAL TRIO** - Jazz with Michael Greenblatt, El Dabail, Zipora Ben-Yehuda. (Dan Hotel, Monday at 8 p.m.)

**MATTI CAMPI** - Solo performance. (Nave Zedek, tonight at 10 p.m.)

**UPPER JAZZ CELLAR** - With well-known musicians. (Beit Leislin, Sunday at 10.30 p.m.)

**Haifa**  
**DUDU TOPAZ** - (Shavit, tonight at 10 p.m.)

**Others**  
**THE BORDER CHOIR OF SOUTH AFRICA** - Directed by Ralph Weyer. With recorders, tambourines, trumpets and guitars. Folk songs, psalms and choreographed dances. (Acra Wolfson Auditorium, Sunday at 8 p.m.)

#### MUSIC

All programmes start at 8.30 p.m., unless otherwise stated.

**Jerusalem**  
**ORGAN CONCERT** - Klaus Linsenmeyer (Würzburg). Works by Bach, Buxtehude, Messiaen. (Dormition Abbey, Mt. Zion, tomorrow.)

**Others**  
**PIANO RECITAL** - Assaf Zohar. Works by Beethoven, Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, Debussy. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuval, tonight at 10 p.m.)

**SONGS AND DUETS** - Sylvia Shamal, soprano; Hanna Zar, alto; Michael Eisenberg, piano. Works by Bach, Purcell, Mozart, Mendelssohn and others. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuval, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

#### DANCE

**Jerusalem**  
**HORA JERUSALEM** - performance by the various groups of different ages. (Gerard Behar, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

**Tel Aviv area**  
**BATSEVA DANCE COMPANY** - Various new works by various choreographers. (Yehoshua Gardens, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

**THE ISRAELI BALLET** - Works by Yampolsky, Jan Linskens, Pelpa. (Cameri Theatre, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

**KIBBUTZ DANCE COMPANY** - New choreographies. (Nave Zedek, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

#### WALKING TOURS

(in English)

**Jerusalem Through the Ages**  
Sunday and Tuesday at 9.30 a.m., Thursday at 2 p.m. - Jewish sites, Cardo, Western Wall excavations.

**Jerusalem at 2 p.m.** - The Jewish Quarter and Mt. Zion.

**Monday at 9.30 a.m.** - The Canaanite and Greek period in Jerusalem.

**Tuesday and Wednesday at 9.30 a.m.** - Archaeology in the Jewish Quarter. Israeli Tower, Cardo, Burnt House (2 hours).

**Monday at 2 p.m.** - Sites of special Christian interest.

**Tuesday at 9.30 a.m.** - The Greek and Roman Period in Jerusalem.

**Thursday at 9.30 a.m.** - The Alt. of Olives in Jewish, Christian and Muslim belief.

**Tours start from Citadel Courtyard** next to Jaffa Gate and last 3-3.5 hours unless otherwise stated. Tickets on the spot.

**Archaeological Tours**  
Friday at 9 a.m., 11.30 a.m., 2.30 p.m., Friday at 11 a.m. - Jewish Quarter archaeological and historical tour.

**Sunday through Thursday at 8.30 a.m.** - Jewish Mount Seminar, from First Temple period to the present.

**Sunday through Thursday at 12 p.m.** - Excavations below Temple Mount.

**Sunday through Thursday at 2 p.m.** - City of David, First Temple period.

**Tours last approximately 2 hours.** Meet at Cardo Information booth, Jewish Quarter. Tickets on the spot.

**Society for the Protection of Nature**  
**Tours**  
Sunday at 7 p.m. - Walk on Old City ramparts. Meet Jaffa Gate.

**Wednesday at 2.30 p.m.** - Excavations of Western Wall. Meet Dung Gate.

**Friday at 10 a.m.** - City of David and Hezekiah's Tunnel. Meet Dung Gate. Bring flashlight.

**Registration at the offices of the SPN** 13 Helene Hamulka Street, Tel. 222357, 244605.

**Hiking Tours**  
Sponsored by the Society for the Protection of Nature in Israel. Meeting places: Next to the escalator in front of the Jerusalem Central Bus Station. Please bring hat, a canteen and walking shoes. Fee.

**Sunday: Elia Glori, Nahal Kislav and train ride to Jerusalem.** Meet: 11.40 a.m. Return about 5.30 p.m.

**Monday: Fortresses and springs of the Judean Hills.** Meet 8 a.m. Return about 2 p.m.

**Tuesday: From Har Gilo to Jerusalem.** Meet: 12.45 p.m. Return about 6 p.m.

**Wednesday: The Judean Hills.** Meet 8 a.m. Return about 2 p.m.

**Thursday: Mavrek Nature Reserve, Nahal Kislav, Martyrs' Forest.** Meet: 9 a.m. Return about 3 p.m.

**Friday: The Kizlin Bloc and Herodian Water Tunnel.** Meet: 7.50 a.m. Return about 2.30 p.m.

**Off-the-Beaten-Track**  
Sponsored by the Society for the Protection of Nature. Meeting places: Office of the Society for the Protection of Nature, 13 Helene Hamulka St., courtyard of Mtn. of Agriculture. Please bring hat, walking shoes and canteen. Fee. TII 1 p.m.

**Sunday at 8 a.m.** - Russian Compound, Haron Valley, City of David excavations, Silwan tunnel. Bring flashlight.

**Tuesday at 8 a.m.** - Old City walls from Jaffa Gate to Damascus Gate, Roman Gate, Armenian Mosque, Tombs of the Kings.

**Thursday at 8 a.m.** - Ancient water systems in Jerusalem. Modest dress required.

**Other towns**  
Daily expeditions to old Jewish Quarter of Safad, synagogues, War of Independence landmarks, cemetery. Tel. 667.3448.

#### PUPPET FESTIVAL

Children (in Hebrew unless otherwise stated)

**Jerusalem**  
**AN ADVENTURE IN JERUSALEM** - All ages. The search for the holy water of peace. (Liberty Bell Garden, Stage 2, Sunday, Tuesday at 4 p.m.)

**DANCE AROUND THE WORLD** - Age 3 and above. Puppets in typical folk dances from different countries. (Liberty Bell Garden, Stage 1, Sunday through Wednesday at 4 p.m.)

**DON'T BE AFRAID OF THE ANIMALS** - For age 4 and above. By the Theatera Figuretheater (Germany). The secret life of everyday objects like brushes and salters (without words). (Khan Theatre, Sunday through Tuesday at 9.30 and 11.45 a.m., Wednesday at 4 and 6 p.m.)

**DREAM** - Age 6 and above. Visit the land of dreams with puppets, silhouettes and music. (Train Theatre, Liberty Bell Garden, Tuesday at 9.30 and 11.45 a.m., Wednesday at 4 and 6 p.m.)

**ENVELOPPES ET DEBALLAGES** - Velo Theatre (France). For age 7 and above. The postman carries on his bicycle the theatre of his dreams in packages and envelopes (without words). (Khan Theatre, today at 9.30 and 11.45 a.m., Monday, Tuesday at 4 and 6 p.m.)

**GO CLOSE THE DOOR** - List's Dubutrot Theatre (Canada). For all ages. An elderly Chelm couple and a series of comical misadventures. (Liberty Bell Garden, Hall A, Tuesday at 9.30 and 11.45 a.m., Wednesday at 4 and 6 p.m.)

**IN CONCERT** - National Marionette Theatre (U.S.A.). For age 4 and above. Funny figures perform numbers, with music by Bartok, Ravel and others (without words). (Liberty Bell Garden, Hall A, Sunday, Tuesday at 4 and 6 p.m.)

**THE MARIONETTES FROM INDIA** - Age 3 and above. Traditional Indian scenes. (Liberty Bell Garden, Stage 2, Monday at 4 p.m.)

**MUSIC AND DOLLS** - Barry Smith and the Blowzabella Dance Band. For age 7 and above. A traditional marionette show (in English).

(Liberty Bell Garden, Hall A, Sunday at 9.30 and 11.45 a.m., Monday at 4 and 6 p.m.)

**PUNCH AND JUDY** - Barry Smith's Theatre of Puppets (Britain). Plus folk dance music by the Blowzabella Dance Band. A classic show for all ages (in English). (Liberty Bell Garden, Hall A, today at 2.30 p.m.)

**PUPPET STORIES** - Age 4 and above. Beit Hagefen production. Five stories based on Egyptian, Arab and Israeli folklore. (Liberty Bell Garden, Amphitheatre, Monday through Wednesday at 5 p.m.)

**PUPPETS AND DREAMS** - Age 4 and above. Zolla, the Romanian marionettist, presents amazing characters. (Liberty Bell Garden, Hall A, today, Monday, Wednesday at 9.30 and 11.45 a.m.)

**THE SILVER SPOON OF THE PRINCESS** - Ages 4-7. Dubutrot Hagall production. A fairy tale. (Train Theatre, Sunday, Monday at 9.30 and 11.45 a.m.)

**THE SNOW QUEEN** - Ages 4-11. Adapted from H.C. Andersen. (Liberty Bell Garden, Amphitheatre, Sunday at 5 p.m.)

**STORIES IN SILHOUETTES** - Age 5 and above. Silhouette Theatre production. Two short stories. (Train Theatre, Sunday, Tuesday at 4 and 6 p.m., Wednesday at 9.30 and 11.45 a.m.)

**THE TRAVELLING ORGAN SHOW** - All ages. An outdoor travelling show. (Liberty Bell Garden, Stage 2, Wednesday at 4 p.m.)

**WILD SWANS** - Age 8 and above. Hal Theatre production. Adapted from H.C. Andersen. (Train Theatre, Monday at 4 and 6 p.m.)

**THE WOLF AND THE GOAT** - Ages 3-7. A fable of the wicked wolf. (Train Theatre, today at 9.30 and 11.45 a.m., 2.30 p.m.)

**Tel Aviv area**  
**THE SNOW QUEEN** - (Nahmani, Tuesday at 4.30 p.m.)

**Haifa**  
**THE SNOW QUEEN** - (Shavit, Thursday at 4.30 p.m.)

#### FOR CHILDREN

**Jerusalem**

**CAGLIOSTRO THE FANTASTIC** - Magic show. Plus acrobats, clowns, 5-piece band. (Israel Museum, Mayer Terrace, Sunday, Thursday at 5.30 p.m.)

**THE ENCHANTED SHOW OF PABLO ARIEL** - Everything is magical: shapes, colours, music, mime (for ages 5-9). (Israel Museum, Tuesday, Wednesday at 11 a.m. and 4 p.m.)

**THE JERUSALEM BIBLICAL ZOO** - Guided

tours in English and Hebrew. Adults welcome. (Biblical Zoo, Sunday, Wednesday at 4 p.m.)

**MEET THE MAGICIAN** - Top Israeli magicians perform. (Israel Museum, daily at 10 a.m., except tomorrow.)

**Tel Aviv area**  
**OLD KING COLE** - Theatre. (Beit Leislin, Monday, Tuesday at 11 a.m.)

**"PANTO"** - Musical pantomime with Hanoach Rosense and friends. (Beit Leislin, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)

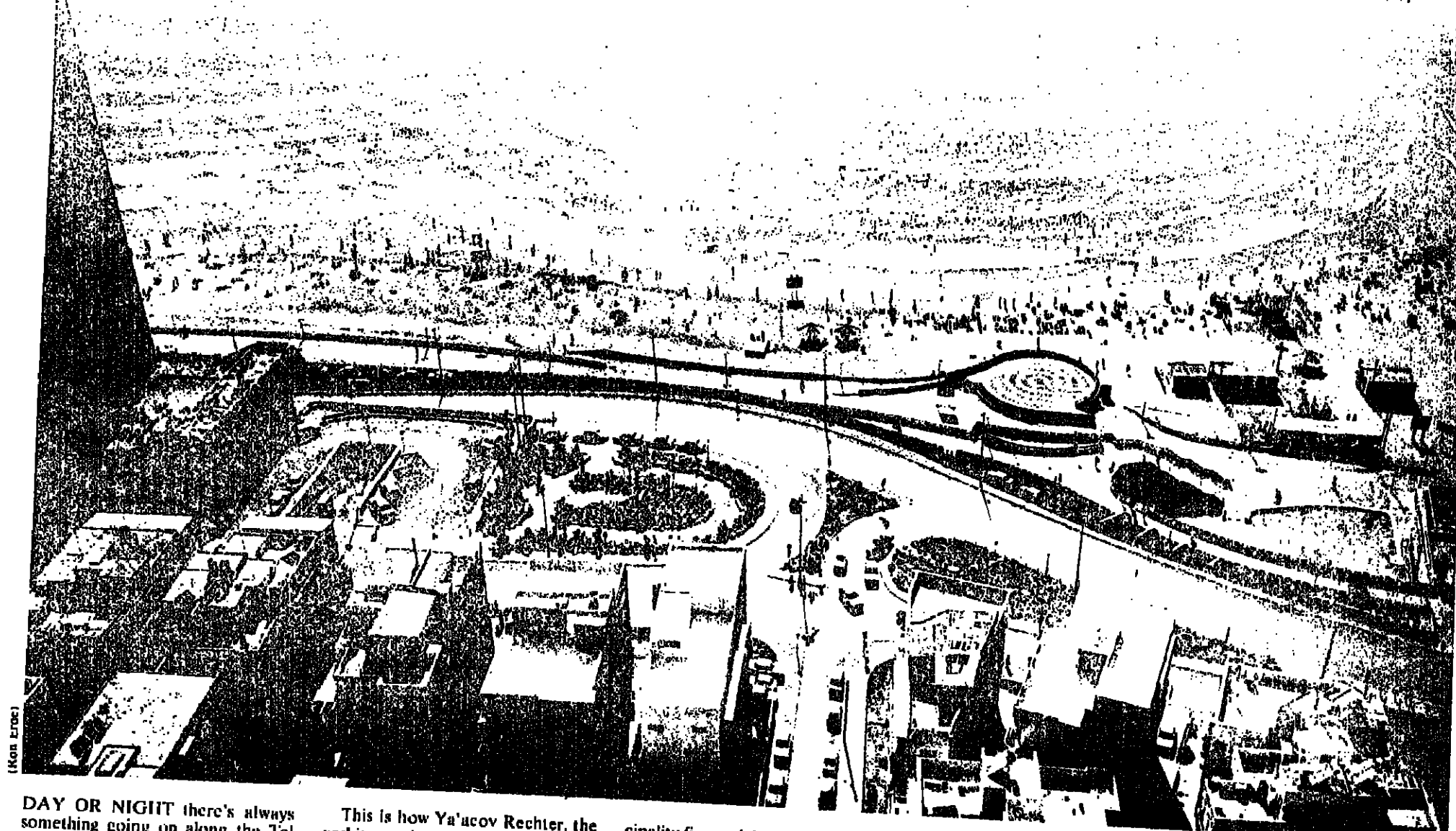
**T.V. TIME** - Entertainment with stars of various Educational T.V. shows. (Wax Museum, Amphitheatre, daily at 11 a.m.)

(For last minute changes in programmes or times of performances, please contact box office.)

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The Jerusalem Post Magazine



DAY OR NIGHT there's always something going on along the Tel Aviv Prom. Mothers pushing prams in the early morning, lovers in close embrace, oblivious to the bright lights and strolling crowds, at night, bathers in dripping shorts making their way up to the new cafés emerging alongside the two-toned brown, synthetic stone with which the Promenade is paved between the Dan Hotel and the Dolphinarium. Night and day, there's always somebody walking along the prom, dreaming, maybe scheming, or trying to have a quiet sleep below it on the sand before the early bathers and the municipal tractors invade the beach.

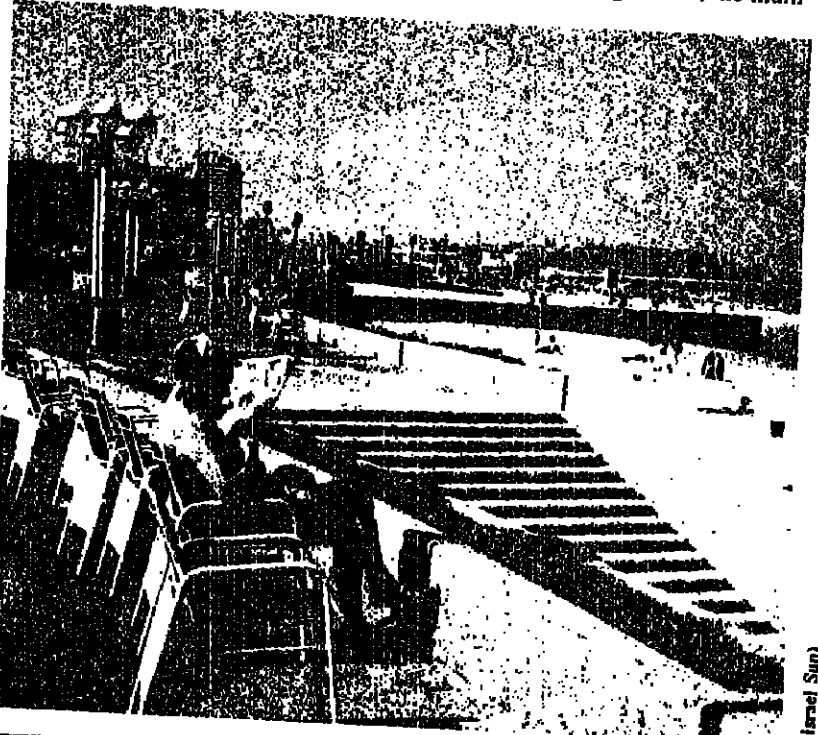
This is how Ya'acov Rechter, the architect whose brain-child the Tel Aviv Promenade is, envisaged it in the first place. He argued that Tel Aviv has few localities where people throng naturally at most times of the day or evening. The "city" in the original part of the town, near Herzl, is deserted after the shops close; and even North Tel Aviv is rather ghostly in the evenings, except on Dizengoff. The seashore is the place where people would naturally go, he reasoned.

Of course, they always went to the beach; what Rechter did was to provide firm ground for their feet. Despite dissenting voices, the municipality financed the project. Within months, the prom has become a centre of attraction. When it is completed, one will be able to walk from about the old Sheraton, near the Yarkon river, to the Old Jaffa promontory in the south. At present, however, the paved section in the north ends south of the Hilton and starts again near the Dan, stretching halfway to Jaffa. It's a long stroll even as it is, not less than an hour each way.

ONE WOULD EXPECT that a respectable promenade would be flanked, on its inshore side, by innumerable shops with attractive show-windows. Not so, Tel Aviv, a town largely built by shopkeepers, is oddly allergic to traders. From the moment the town reached the sea, in the latter part of the 1920s, the city fathers resolved that the panorama was not to be marred by shops. Only entertainment, which meant mostly cafés and eating places, were allowed to open on the Herbert Samuel Esplanade — a somewhat pompous name for a 100m. long stretch of one or two-storey buildings going north from Allenby Road. The only entertainment establishment in that section was a puppet show run by two old ladies. At the end of the row was a high-class café

called Taitish. Years later, one of the waiters confessed to me how he started a career that eventually made him a rich man: "I received a five-pound note from an American tourist and gave him change for one pound. He didn't seem to notice."

THERE ALSO was the famous Casino, an awkward structure on stilts projecting into the sea, which was not a casino at all but an expensive café; it was wantonly destroyed by the municipality in the '40s. The whole area fell into disrepair since the '50s but has recovered in status and appearance since the Promenade opened.



THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, AUGUST 10, 1984

PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND

# POST

## PULL OUT GUIDE

### The Poster

#### THEATRE

All programmes are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

##### Jerusalem

**NOT NOW DARLING** — Comedy. Yuval Theatre production. (Richard Heller, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

##### Tel Aviv area

**ALL MY SONS EXCEPT NAOMI, or THE SIBBLES OF SWITZERLAND** — Beit Leissin production. A satire on Jewish society. (Beit Leissin, tonight at 9.30 p.m., tomorrow, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

**CALIGULA** — By Albert Camus. Khan Theatre production. About the wicked Roman emperor. (New Zedek, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m., Sunday, Wednesday, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

**THE INTELLECTUAL, THE WHORE AND THE CLOWN** — Mini musical. Hasmitah production. (Old Jaffa, Hasmitah, tonight at 10 p.m., Thursday at 9 p.m.)

**INTIMACY** — By Sarah. Hasmitah production. Two women friends and their complicated relations with men. (Old Jaffa, Hasmitah, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

**THE KRUTZERSONATA** — By Leshon. Beit Leissin production. A study of sex and jealousy. (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, Thursday at 9.30 p.m.)

**NOT NOW DARLING** — (Holon, Rona, tonight at 10 p.m.; New Zedek, Monday at 9 p.m.)

**QUARTET FOR TWO** — Selection of love excerpts from plays by Beckett, Pinter, Wilde and Wilder (in English). (Imperial Hotel, no Hayarkon, tonight at 10 p.m.)

**REAL WOMEN** — Beit Leissin production. A presentation of seven variegated characters. (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

**NOT NOW DARLING** — (Halifa Auditorium, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

#### ENTERTAINMENT

##### Jerusalem

**ADVENTURES IN JAZZ** — With well-known musicians. (Pargod, today at 1.30 p.m., Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.)

**APPLES OF GOLD** — Colour documentary film about the history and struggle of the Jewish people from the time of the early Zionist movement to the present. (Lorraine Hotel, tomorrow at 9 p.m.; Ramada Renaissance Hotel, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

**THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM** — Stories by the famous Yiddish writer, performed in English. (Hilton, tonight at 9.30 p.m., King David, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

**CAGLIOSTRO THE MAGICIAN AND FRIENDS** — Magic and improvisation from classic to modern. (Israel Museum, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

**ISRAELI FOLKLORE** — Taste of Israel. Dancers. Pa'amel Talmud folk dancers. International Cultural Centre for Youth, 12 Enck Refaim, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

**JAZZ** — Freddie Weisgal, piano; Eric Heller, bass; Saul Ghidone, trumpet. (American Colony Hotel, Nabat Rd., Thursday at 9 p.m.)

**MUSICAL MELAVE MALKA** — With new Diagon Yeshiva Band. (Mt. Zion Centre, tomorrow at 8.45 p.m.)

**MUSICAL MELAVE MALKA** — Hassidic rock with Selah. (Israel Centre, 10 Strass, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

**TERRACE CONCERT** — With The Terrace Quartet. Light classical, popular, folk and jazz music. (Israel Museum, Tuesday at 6 p.m.)

**TEL AVIV AREA**

**DON'T SHOOT — I'M A PACIFIST** — A cabaret from the Thirties. (Beit Leissin, Upper Wolfson Auditorium, Sunday at 8 p.m.)

#### MUSIC

All programmes start at 8.30 p.m., unless otherwise stated.

**Jerusalem**

**ORGAN CONCERT** — Klaus Linsenmeyer (Würzburg). Works by Bach, Busch, Mendelssohn. (Dormition Abbey, Mt. Zion, tomorrow.)

**Others**

**PIANO RECITAL** — Assaf Zohar. Works by Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, Debussy. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuval, tonight at 10 p.m.)

**SONGS AND DUETS** — Sylvia Shami, soprano; Hanna Zar, alto; Michael Elzenberg, piano. Works by Bach, Purcell, Mozart, Mendelssohn and others. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuval, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

Cellar, tonight at midnight, Monday at 9.30 p.m.)

**DUDU TOPOZ** — Satire programme. (Manu Auditorium, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

**FOLK MUSIC** — The Parvian and the Doudin (Old Jaffa, El Hanan, tonight at 10 p.m.)

**FRENCH CHANSONS** — Miriam Fuchs presents a cabaret from works written from 1940-1950. (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, Wednesday at 9.30 p.m., Thursday at 11.30 p.m.)

**GUITAR HAPPENING** — With flamenco guitarist Haddi Oller and friends. (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, tonight at 10 p.m.)

**HUMOROUS PROGRAMME** — With Meni Pe'er and Tuvia Tofir. (Old Jaffa, El Hanan, tonight at 10.15 a.m., tomorrow at 10 p.m.)

**JAZZ** — Danny Gutfreid, piano; Albert Plaut, flute, clarinet; Teddy Kline, cello, contrabass. (Cafe Pilz, 84 Hayarkon, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

**THE MAGICAL TRIO** — Jazz with Michael Guculadze, Ilia Dismel, Zippu Bar-Yehuda. (Dan Hotel, Monday at 8 p.m.)

**MATTI CARPI** — Solo performance. (New Zedek, tonight at 10 p.m.)

**UPPER JAZZ CELLAR** — With well-known musicians. (Beit Leissin, Sunday at 10.30 p.m.)

**Halifa**

**DUDU TOPOZ** — (Shavit, tonight at 10 p.m.)

**Others**

**THE BORDER CHOIR OF SOUTH AFRICA** — Directed by Ralph Weyer. With recorders, tambourines, trumpets and guitars. Folksongs, psalms and choreographed dances. (Acra Wolfson Auditorium, Sunday at 8 p.m.)

#### DANCE

##### Jerusalem

**HORA JERUSALEM** — performance by the various groups of different ages. (Gerard Behar, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

**Tel Aviv area**

**BATSHEVA DANCE COMPANY** — Various new works by various choreographers. (Yehoshua Gardens, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

**THE ISRAELI BALLET** — Works by Yampolsky, Jan Linkens, Petipa. (Cantor Theatre, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

**KIBBUTZ DANCE COMPANY** — New choreographies. (New Zedek, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

#### PUPPET FESTIVAL

Children (in Hebrew unless otherwise stated)

**Jerusalem**

**AN ADVENTURE IN JERUSALEM** — All ages. The search for the holy water of peace. (Liberty Bell Garden, Stage 2, Sunday, Tuesday at 4 p.m.)

**DANCE AROUND THE WORLD** — Age 3 and above. Puppets in typical folk dances from different countries. (Liberty Bell Garden, Stage 1, Sunday through Wednesday at 4 p.m.)

**DON'T BE AFRAID OF THE ANIMALS** — For age 4 and above. By the Theatera Figurentheater (Germany). The secret life of everyday objects like brushes and cutlery (without words). (Khan Theatre, Sunday through Tuesday at 9.30 and 11.45 a.m., Wednesday at 4 and 6 p.m.)

**DREAM** — Age 6 and above. Visit the land of dreams with puppets, silhouettes and music. (Train Theatre, Liberty Bell Garden, Tuesday at 9.30 and 11.45 a.m., Wednesday at 4 and 6 p.m.)

**ENVELOPPES ET DEBALLAGES** — Volo Theatre (France). For age 7 and above. The postman carries on his bicycle the theatre of his dreams in packages and envelopes (without words). (Khan Theatre, today at 9.30 and 11.45 a.m., Monday, Tuesday at 4 and 6 p.m.)

**GO CLOSE THE DOOR** — Lid's Buhaton Theatre (Canada). For all ages. An elderly Chelm couple and a series of comical misfortunes. (Liberty Bell Garden, Hall A, Tuesday at 9.30 and 11.45 a.m., Wednesday at 4 and 6 p.m.)

**IN CONCERT** — National Marionette Theatre (U.S.A.). For age 4 and above. Funny figures perform numbers, with music by Bartok, Ravel and others (without words). (Liberty Bell Garden, Hall A, Sunday, Tuesday at 4 and 6 p.m.)

**THE MAN OFF THE WALL** — Age 5 and above. A journey full of adventures. Box Theatre production. (Khan Theatre, Sunday at 4 and 6 p.m.)

**THE MARIONETTES FROM INDIA** — Age 3 and above. Traditional Indian scenes. (Liberty Bell Garden, Stage 2, Monday at 4 p.m.)

**MUSIC AND DOLLS** — By the Blotzabella Dance Band. For age 7 and above. A traditional marionette show (in English).

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**MEET THE MAGICIAN** — Top Israeli magicians perform. (Israel Museum, daily at 10 a.m., except tomorrow)

**Tel Aviv area**

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**"PANTO"** — Musical pantomime with Hanech Roscane and friends. (Beit Leissin, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)

**THE SNOW QUEEN** — (Shavit, Thursday at 4.30 p.m.)

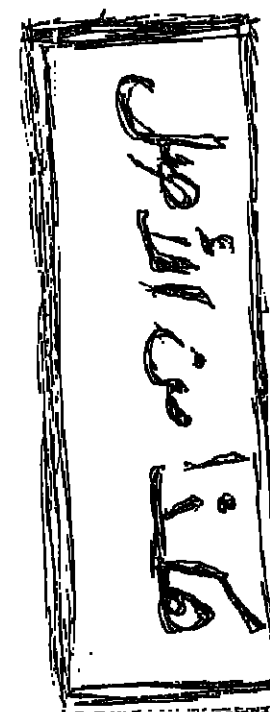
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**PUPPET STORIES** — Age 4 and above. Beit Hagafen production. Five stories based on Egyptian, Arab and Israeli folklore. (Liberty Bell Garden, Amphitheatre, Monday through Wednesday at 5 p.m.)

**PUPPETS AND DREAMS** — Age 4 and above. Zohar, the Humanist marionettist, presents amusing characters. (Liberty Bell Garden, Hall A, today, Monday, Wednesday at 9.30 and 11.45 a.m.)

**THE SILVER SPOON OF THE PRINCESS** — Ages 4-7. Buhaton Theatre production. A fairy tale. (Train Theatre, Sunday, Monday at 9.30 and 11.45 a.m.)

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**THE TRAVELLING ORGAN SHOW** — All ages. An outdoor travelling show. (Liberty Bell Garden, Stage 2, Wednesday at 4 p.m.)

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**Tel Aviv area**

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Adults (in Hebrew unless otherwise stated)

**Jerusalem**

**DR. FAUST** — By the Puppils Marionettentheater (Austria). The real, historical play written in the 18th century (in German). (Train Theatre, Liberty Bell Garden, tomorrow at 9 and 11 p.m.)

**ENTANGLEMENTS** — The Wood Story — Train Theatre production. Elements of textile art with puppet theatre. (Khan Theatre, Tuesday at 9 and 11 p.m., Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

**GOOD BOY JERUSALEM** — Box Theatre production. Adults travel back in time to the young, hopeful and innocent Israeli reality of the Fifties. (Khan Theatre, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

**ICARUS** — Based on the legend by Marquise: a mythological dream. Box Theatre production. (Khan Theatre, Monday at 9 p.m.)

**IN CONCERT** — National Marionette Theatre (U.S.A.). Sharply-drawn vignettes revealing human emotions. Music by Beethoven, Brahms and others (in English). (Liberty Bell Garden, Hall A, tomorrow, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

**KING UBU** — By the Puppils Marionettentheater (Austria). A French tragic comedy of Papa Ubu's adventures and ambitions (in German). (Train Theatre, Sunday at 9 and 11 p.m.)

**MIDNIGHT SUN** — Kav Company production. Puppets and actors in a collection of Indian and South American myths about the sun. (Khan Theatre, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

**MUSICA, MECCANISMI A ALTRE DI-AVOLERIE** — Teatro dei Piccoli Principi (Italy). A playful devil operates an old street organ (Italian with Hebrew translation). (Khan Theatre, tomorrow at 9 and 11 p.m.; Liberty Bell Garden, Hall A, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

**PULCINELLA ED EURIDICE** — Teatro dei Piccoli Principi (Italy). Pulcinella, the folklore hero, plays Orpheus (in Italian). (Liberty Bell Garden, Hall A, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

**WORK, DEFENCE, SWIMMING POOL** — Kibbutz Revivim Puppet Theatre production. Black theatre one-man show: a look into kibbutz life. (Train Theatre, Monday at 9 and 11 p.m.)

**T.V. TIME** — Entertainment with stars of various Educational T.V. shows. (Wax Museum, Amphitheatre, daily at 11 a.m.)

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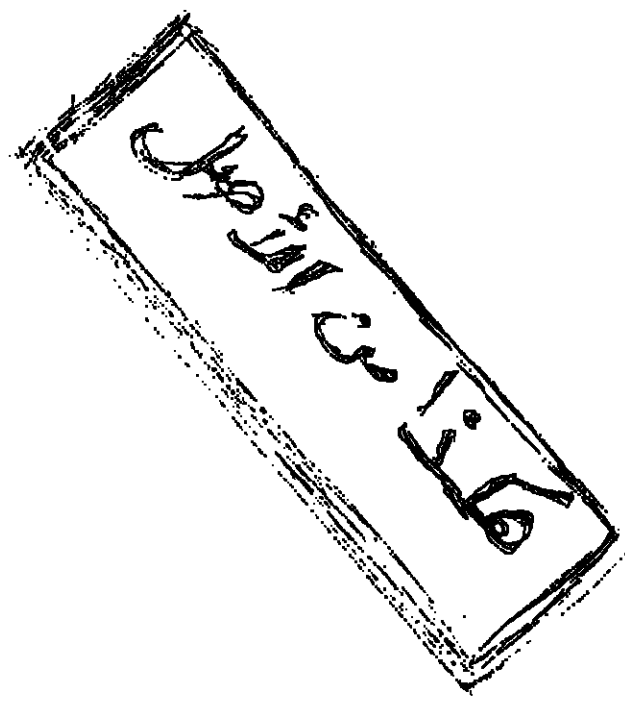
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## TAMUZ

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TEL AVIV MUSEUM  
21st week  
French film  
**SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY**  
Saturday 7.15, 9.40  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.40

ZAFON  
7th week  
**B.M.X. BANDITS**  
Sat. 6, 7.45, 9.30  
Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.30  
Tonight 9.30 Sat. and weekdays 9  
FANNY AND ALEXANDER

HAIFA  
Cinemas

AMPHITHEATRE  
2nd week  
**DARING INVASION**  
Sat. 7.30, 9.40  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.15

ARMON  
3rd week  
Sat. 7.15, 9.30  
Weekdays 7.15, 9.45  
**AGAINST ALL ODDS**  
Mat. 4.30  
MUPPETS TAKE MANHATTAN

ATZMON  
6th week  
**SUPERGIRL**  
Sat. 7.30, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.15

CHEN  
2nd week  
Sat. 7.30; weekdays 4.30, 7.15  
**TRON**  
Sat. 9.30; weekdays 9.15  
MARK BROS. AT THE RACES

MORJAH  
2nd week  
5 p.m.  
**NATIONAL LAMPOON'S VACATION**  
7: CASAI  
9: YENTL

ORAH  
WOMEN'S  
HAIRDRESSER  
Sat. 7.30, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.15

ORLY  
3rd week  
Sat. 7.30, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.15  
**BLAME IT ON RIO**  
Today 4; Sat. 7;  
Weekdays 11, 4, 7.30  
MARY POPPINS

PEER  
9th week  
**POLICE ACADEMY**  
Sat. 7.30, 9.40  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.15

RON  
7th week  
**INDIANA JONES AND THE TEMPLE OF DOOM**  
Sat. 7.30, 9.40  
Mat. 11 a.m.  
MAYA THE BEE

SHAVIT  
Sat. 6.30, 9.40; weekdays 8.30  
DODDS KAHN  
Film by Kinoshita  
Mat. 11.5. WIZARD OF OZ

RAMAT GAN  
Cinemas

ARMON  
8th week  
**POLICE ACADEMY**  
Friday, 10 p.m.  
Sat. and weekdays 7.40, 9.40  
Weekdays 11.5  
MUPPETS TAKE MANHATTAN

LILY  
3rd week  
Tonight 10;  
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30  
**RETURN OF MARTIN GUERRE**  
Mat. 11.5. SWAN LAKE

OASIS  
3rd week  
Tonight 10; Sat. 7.30, 9.45  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.30, 9.45  
**ROMANCING THE STONE**

ORDEA  
\* KEVIN BACON  
\* DIANA WEST  
Tonight, 10; Sat. 7.30, 9.30  
Weekdays 4.30, 7.30, 9.30  
**RAMAT GAN**  
2nd week  
Sat. and weekdays 7.40, 9.40  
**EDUCATING RITA**

HOLON  
Cinemas

MIGDAL  
2nd week  
Tonight 10;  
Sat. and weekdays 7.30, 9.30  
**POLICE ACADEMY**  
Mat. 4.30; CINDERELLA

SAVOY  
NIGHTMARE  
Friday 10  
Saturday and weekdays 9.30  
**SWAN LAKE**  
Friday 11 a.m., Saturday 7.15,  
Weekdays 11 a.m., 7.15 p.m.

Herzliya  
Cinemas

DAVID  
WOMEN'S  
HAIRDRESSER  
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30  
**TIFERET**  
3rd week  
**RETURN OF MARTIN GUERRE**  
Sat. and weekdays 7.30, 9.30  
Mat. 4: Two films for the  
price of one  
OPERATION STRIMEL  
SUPER PUMAMAN

## SHAI - MAZOR PRIVATE MEDICAL CENTRE

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(In English)  
Jerusalem

Jerusalem Through the Ages  
Sunday and Tuesday at 9.30 a.m., Thursday at 2 p.m. - Jewish sites, Cardo, Western Wall excavations.

Sunday at 2 p.m. - The Jewish Quarter and Mt. Zion

Monday at 9.30 a.m. - The Canaanite and Israelite period in Jerusalem

Monday and Wednesday at 9.30 a.m. - Archaeology in the Jewish Quarter: Israelite Lower Cardo, Burnt House (2 hours)

Monday at 2 p.m. - Site of special Christian interest.

Wednesday at 9.30 a.m. - The Greek and Roman Period in Jerusalem

Thursday at 9.30 a.m. - The Mt. of Olives in Jewish, Christian and Muslim belief.

Tours start from Citadel Courtyard next to Jaffa Gate and last 2-3 hours (unless otherwise stated). Tickets on the spot.

**Archaeological Tours**  
Daily at 9 a.m., 11.30 a.m., 2.30 p.m., Friday at 9 a.m. - Jewish Quarter archaeological and historical tour.

Sunday through Thursday at 8.30 a.m. - Temple Mount Seminar, from First Temple period to the present.

Sunday through Thursday at 12 p.m. - Excavations below Temple Mount.

Sunday through Thursday at 2 p.m. - City of David, First Temple period.

Tours last approximately 2 hours. Meet at Cardo Information Booth, Jewish Quarter. Tickets on the spot.

**Society for the Protection of Nature Tours**  
Sunday at 7 p.m. - Walk on Old City ramparts. Meet Jaffa Gate.

Wednesday at 2.30 p.m. - Excavations of Western Wall. Meet Dung Gate

Friday at 10 a.m. - City of David and Herodian's Tunnel. Meet Dung gate. Bring flashlight.

Registration at the offices of the SPNI, 13 Helene Hamalka Street, Tel. 223-857, 24-005.

**Hiking Tours**  
Sponsored by the Society for the Protection of Nature in Israel. Meeting place: Next to the escalator in front of the Jerusalem Central Bus Station. Please bring hat, a canteen and walking shoes. Fee.

Sunday: Ein Gora, Nahal Kitalav and train ride to Jerusalem - Meet: 11.40 a.m. Return about 5.30 p.m.

Monday: Fortresses and springs of the Judean Hills - Meet 8 a.m. Return about 2 p.m.

Tuesday: From Har Gilo to Jerusalem - Meet: 12.45 p.m. Return about 6 p.m.

Wednesday: The Judean Hills - Meet 8 a.m. Return about 2 p.m.

Thursday: Maveck Nature Reserve, Nahal Keshalon, Marjany's Forest - Meet: 9 a.m. Return about 3 p.m.

Friday: The Ekran Bloc and Herodian Water Tunnel - Meet: 7.50 a.m. Return about 2.30 p.m.

**Off-the-Beaten-Track**  
Sponsored by the Society for the Protection of Nature. Meeting place: Office of the Society for the Protection of Nature, 13 Helene Hamalka St., courtyard of Mts. of Agriculture. Please bring hat, walking shoes and canteen. Fee: THL 1 p.m.

Sunday at 8 a.m. - Russian Compound, Hinnon Valley. City of David excavations, Silvan tunnel. Bring flashlight.

Tuesday at 8 a.m. - Old City walls from Jaffa Gate to Damascus Gate, Roman Gate, Armenian Mosaic, Tombs of the Kings.

Thursday at 8 a.m. - Ancient water systems in Jerusalem. Modest dress required.

**Other towns**  
Daily expeditions to old Jewish Quarter of Safad, synagogues, War of Independence landmarks, cemetery. Tel. 067-30448.

## FILMS IN BRIEF

**AGAINST ALL ODDS** - Remake of a film called "Out of the Past." This version portrays a love triangle in which an American football star falls in love with a woman involved with a night-club owner. The characters, being insufficiently interesting, make for a film of little substance.

**BEAT STREET** - A new breakdance musical directly from the streets of New York.

**BETRAYAL** - A Sam Spiegel production of the Harold Pinter play. The study of a rather conventional marriage-a-trois involving two male best friends and the wife of one of them, but presented in reverse chronological order. Starring Jeremy Irons, Ben Kingsley and Patricia Hodge.

**BLAME IT ON RIO** - And blame it on the heat and beat of the samba, which causes all sorts of adulterous affairs. A light-hearted film, starring Michael Caine, Joseph Bologna and Michelle Johnson.

**BLAZING SAADDLES** - Take-off of all those Westerns Hollywood has ever made. Expect anything to happen in this Mel Brooks' extravaganza. (At one point Count Basie and his entire orchestra appear, in evening dress, playing the theme song amid the desert cactus.) Great stuff.

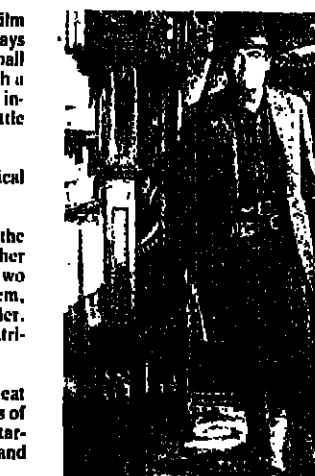
**BURNING LAND (TERRE BRULANTE)** - New Israeli film about the fate of a Tunisian family in the Fifties, from three cultures: French colonial, local Arab and traditional Jewish. The film is also an allusion to Israeli appropriation of Arab-owned land today. In French with Hebrew subtitles.

**CLOCKWORK ORANGE** - Stanley Kubrick's 1971 futuristic film abounds in violence and sex, in a cold, surreal setting.

**DR. ZHIVAGO** - Touching story based on Boris Pasternak's novel about an upper-class doctor (Omar Sharif) who becomes involved with the revolutionaries. Set in the pre-Russian Revolution period. Also stars Julie Christie, Rod Taylor and Geraldine Chaplin. Beautifully filmed.

**EDUCATING RITA** - About a young woman student of literature, and her elderly professor who falls in love with her. Sharp dialogue adds to this successful adaptation of this London play. Excellent performances by Michael Caine and Julie Walters.

**EMMANUELLE** - Polished and elegantly erotic - but really rather silly - French film about a diplomat in Bangkok who encourages his wife (Sylvia Kristel) to sample all kinds of sex, with an aging voyeur officiating over the final initiation. Well acted, and the colourful Thai background is fascinating. Directed by Just Jackan.



Henry Fonda in "Once Upon a Time in the West."

**THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD, PART I** - Madcap entertainment through and through, as irreverent as you can expect from Mel Brooks. Starring his regular gang - Dom DeLuise, Madeline Kahn, Harvey Korman and Louis Luchman.

**INDIANA JONES AND THE TEMPLE OF DOOM** - Sequel to "Raiders of the Lost Ark." Director Spielberg takes Indiana Jones from the dusty back streets of Shanghai in 1935, to the mysteries of a maharajah's palace in a search for ancient ritual stones with magical powers. The stunts get to steal the limelight.

**THE KING AND MISTER BIRD** - A French animation feature using a Hans Christian Andersen tale as the starting point. A parable about dictatorship, uprising and destruction. Very intellectually presented with high professional standards of animation.

**LA TRAVIATA** - Director Franco Zeffirelli remains faithful to the spirit of Verdi's famous, larger-than-life, kitsch opera, and makes it work as a film. Starring Teresa Stratas and Placido Domingo in the lead roles.

**MUDDY RIVER** - Japanese film directed by Kohji Oguri. An excellent depiction of insights into a child's world, and the lost innocence which comes with experience and living.

**ONCE UPON A TIME IN THE WEST** - Sergio Leone's Western masterpiece. With Henry Fonda playing a ruthless, murderous psychopath, as well as fine performances by Jason Robards and Charles Bronson.

**POLICE ACADEMY** - About a liberal lady mayor who opens the doors of the force to anyone who wishes to join. This film has a bit of many things - sex, violence, racist nuances, slapstick, satire and more, but they all add up to no great film.

**RETURN OF MARTIN GUERRE** - Set in a remote French 16th-century village. Constructed as a thriller, the audience is invited to guess who the real Martin Guerre is, and questions of ethics, morality and truth are raised. This film is a rewarding experience.

**THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW** - An outrageous assemblage of the most stereotypical sci-fi film, Marvel comics, Frank's Avon movies and rock and roll of every vintage, this is also one of the weirdest, funniest and sexiest films to bless our shores in a long time.

**ROMANCING THE STONE** - A romantic, zany adventure of a prison New York writer who goes to the jungles of Colombia to save his kidnapped wife. The study of adventure, action and danger, but at least the film doesn't take itself too seriously.

**RUNNERS** - This film traces the disappearance of an 11-year-old girl, and her father's efforts to find her, which go on for ten many years. An overblown of superficial targets are introduced, and it is hard to get to grips with the real story.

**SOLDIER OF THE NIGHT** - Israeli film about a young man, rejected by the army because of physical disability, who decides to start a war of his own to prove his worth. We get to see how he functions in society, but director Dan Wolman gets stuck and the film seems to progress with difficulty.

**STARS WARS** - A tale of intergalactic civil war between the dark rulers of the new Empire and the rebels of the creative Force. A dazzling adventure story of the purest kind, it lacks every scrap of logic, bursts with high spirits, is totally dependent on the turns of good fortune and is aimed at the child in us all. Superb special effects at all levels but mediocre characterizations and dialogue - with exceptions. The robots steal the show.

**A SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY** - Tale of one sad, revealing moment in the dwindling life of Monsieur Luminat, a moderately successful and thoroughly unsatisfied artist. French director Bertrand Tavernier turns an outwardly banal day into a moving examination of a man's search for his past.

**SUPERGIRL** - As much of a puritan as Superman ever was, Supergirl leaves her home on a distant planet to retrieve a crystal ball that produces sufficient energy for her world to exist. But it falls into the hands of Supergirl, and herein lies the conflict of the film. Should go down well with the fans of Superman.

**TERMS OF ENDEARMENT** - The relationship between a self-centred mother and her daughter over a period of 15 years. James Brooks' Hollywood production is an ideal combination of laughter and tears. Supergirl acting by Shirley MacLaine, Debra Winger and Jack Nicholson.

**TO BE OR NOT TO BE** - Producer Mel Brooks in a funny remake of this 1942 film about a theatre company in occupied Poland. With Mel Brooks and Anne Bancroft in the lead roles.

**THE TROUBLE WITH HARRY** - Re-release of the Hitchcock movie. The protagonist is a corpse named Harry, who causes various villagers to believe they are responsible for his death. All in all, a very well-made film, funny in parts, with a splendid cast of actors.

Some of the films listed are restricted to adult audiences. Please check with the cinema.



I AM NOT a great fan of "international" cuisine.

On the contrary, I would rather go to a restaurant that specializes in the cuisine of one small province in China, or a valley in Italy or a village in France. I'm one of those fools who runs out to try out a new Albanian restaurant, only to find that the cooking is indistinguishable from Turkish.

So it was with a great deal of suspicion that I tried the New Venezia restaurant in Jerusalem's Rehov Shimon Ben-Shetah. Veteran restaurant-goers will recall that the old Venezia was, as the name suggests, Italian, although one must admit that even it seemed to have no Venetian specialties on the menu. The new menu, a product of the new management, broadly assures us that there is nothing to be afraid of in international cuisine. "Just put soy sauce on and it's Chinese; add oregano or basil and it's Italian," it tells us.

The restaurant itself is pleasant and comfortable, despite the lace tablecloths and crystal ware. The

## Border crossing

MATTERS OF TASTE/Haim Shapiro

lights are dim and a steady diet of background music feeds the diners. The bar is very well stocked and the cellar is pretty extensive as well.

WE OPENED our meal with two contributions from the Far East. I tried the Japanese rumaki, a little hors d'oeuvre consisting of pieces of smoked meat wrapped around chicken livers and water chestnuts, with a little dish of soy sauce in which to dip them. The tidbits were good, although they seemed rather silly to me, with the soy sauce quite unnecessary. In fairness, I ought to mention that my companion thought they were perfect.

On the other hand, both she and I were less than happy about the egg

butter. It was very good. We were also more than pleased with the bottle of Ben-Ami '79 we chose, a red wine with almost smoky overtones and a lovely aftertaste.

FOR THE MAIN course, I ordered a pepper steak which more than compensated for any imperfections up to that point. It was superb, perfectly cooked, rare as I had ordered it, tender and juicy. The sauce which accompanied it was also just right, flavoured with crushed, fresh black peppercorns but not so peppery as to be unpleasant, rich and creamy without any extraneous elements.

My companion tried something listed on the menu as Roman breasts, consisting of boned breast of chicken filled with lean smoked meat. Perhaps the most intriguing part of this was the shape, which lived up to its name very well. Aside from that it was rather good.

Both dishes came with little fried potatoes and steamed fresh carrots. The latter were especially good.



For dessert, we tried the cheese cake and the chocolate mousse. Both were satisfactory, although it was hard to concentrate on them, having gorged ourselves through the rest of the meal.

The Turkish coffee was excellent. The bill, calculated in dollars according to the official rate of exchange, came to \$12.617.

## The art of Olympic watching

TELEREVIEW  
Philip Gillon

EVER SINCE the Olympics moved into their second week and TV coverage started to go on till 6 a.m., people have asked me to ask, sceptically whether I really manage to see everything, or whether I cheat by watching only an hour or two at midnight and then picking up the 8 p.m. wrap-up. When I insist proudly that I am on the job when all those who want to be healthy, wealthy and wise are long asleep, they ask me how I work the trick.

It is a bit late to reveal my methods, as we have only another few nights to go. But I think the public has a right to know. Besides, the U.S. Open tennis championships start at the end of this month, and, by the grace of God, Israel Broadcasting Authority director-general Uri Porat and Cuen-Cole, may be back in our armchairs on our early-morning vigils.

My system is to take a siesta during the day, so that I will be wide awake at the witching hour of midnight. Despite my being so alert, I load the video with a three-hour cassette, lest I nod during the less exciting events, lulled by the monotonous tones of the Israeli commentators. As soon as I catch myself watching intently with closed eyes - no easy feat - I switch on the video and tiddle off to bed, setting the alarm for four, when the athletics begin. With the supplement provided by the video, usually of less exhilarating events, I cover the lot. As insurance, I watch the 8 p.m. wrap-up.

It is manifest that I must pay a tribute here to the Likud. Prior to the elections, pro-Likud boys in the street, provoked by the Alignment sticker on my parked car, would wait for me to explain to me that I had never had it so good, that the Likud enabled me to have that car, a television and a video. I would reply that I had had a car and a television under the Alignment, but I was forced to admit that I owed the video entirely to the great Likud splurge. So something good did come out of that orgy.

There are some dour Puritans, who contend that people like me should not have been allowed to endanger our health, just as there are some people who would have stopped Gabrielle Andersen-Schless from finishing the marathon. I reject their interference with the disinclined, although I must admit that the break at Tisha B'Av may have saved my sanity. Perhaps I will submit a claim to the Israel Olympic Committee and the Guinness Book of Records to recognize a record for Olympics-viewing.

The Puritans even questioned the need to provide Israelis with live coverage in the early mornings. They argue that it was against the national interest to exhaust the entire population with anything except politics. And, in apparent contradiction of their first contention, they add that only a small percentage of viewers watch the early-morning programmes anyway. Furthermore, they claim that the money spent could be used for wretched causes.

Uri Porat this week was able to refute these arguments with ease. Anyway, Coca-Cola had philanthropically footed a major part of the bill. From now on, let us sports addicts pledge to drink nothing else, apart from whisky, gin, beer and brandy.

Personally, I think that there is an obligation on Israel Television to cover live all major international

nothing but tens; they were all incredible, they made a mockery of Newton's Law of Gravity.

One remarkable thing about the Games is the way the Chinese and Japanese behave. Never have I seen such a bunch of charming and happy extroverts, cheering themselves and their opponents with equal fervour. Has nobody told them that they are supposed to be inscrutable Orientals?

THE OLYMPICS have so dominated my life that I have been paying only cursory attention to the great national sport of coalition-making. But I must mention several things that struck me about the bargaining that is going on.

One is the Likud contention that Yitzhak Shamir must head the proposed national unity government, rather than Shimon Peres, because they thought of the idea first, and proposed it first both before and after the elections. This reminds me of the kind of long argument in which children indulge - "I thought of it first," "Yes, but I did something about it before you" - and which can only be settled by coming to blows by "One potato, two potato, three potato, four," or some other variation of tossing a coin.

A bout of fistfights between Shimon and Yitzhak would hardly be a good prelude to national unity. Tossing a coin would not be a very dignified method of choosing the most important person in the country.

While I personally cannot understand how a national unity government can possibly work, I have a very vivid recollection of Shamir, in the pre-election propaganda telecasts, looking earnestly at the camera and urging Peres to put the need of the nation above his party and his own ambitions. Perhaps the time has come for him to set an example of how that can be done?

The revelations that the governor of the Bank of Israel, Moshe Mandelbaum, had sent a letter early in July to Shamir and Finance Minister Yigal Cohen-Orgad, telling them that there had been a dangerous drop in the nation's foreign currency reserves, and that this information had been suppressed from the public until after the election, also prompted a memory of the propaganda period. This was of Cohen-Orgad, also looking very earnest and sincerely at the camera and hence at the nation, and explaining that 400 per cent inflation did not matter as long as we were improving our foreign reserves position.

In the Thirties, after Stanley Baldwin had lied about the extent of German rearmament and the hopeless inadequacy of the Royal Air Force, he explained his position by pointing out that a vital by-election was taking place, so he could hardly be expected to tell the truth. I suppose that we cannot demand different standards here from those established by "the mother of parliaments."

But I must say that I cannot understand the position of Dr. Mandelbaum. The governor of the Bank of Israel is not a government functionary, but holder of an independent office. His responsibility surely did not end when he wrote a confidential letter to Shamir and Cohen-Orgad: he should have gone public and should have insisted on strong action then, during Cohen-Orgad's pre-election printing binge.

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## Cinematheque

**AUGUST 10 - AUGUST 17**  
Fri. at 2:30 pm: *Tootsie*  
Dir.: Sidney Pollack  
Sat. at 8 pm: *Pasquale d'Amore*  
Dir.: Ettore Scola  
9 pm: small hall  
*Hallelujah the Hills*  
Dir.: Adolfo Meksas  
9:30 pm: *Bound for Glory*  
Dir.: Hal Ashby  
Mon. at 7 pm: *Une Femme Douce*  
Dir.: Robert Bresson  
9:30 pm: *The Draughtsman's Contract*  
Dir.: Peter Greenaway  
midnight: *Hair*  
Dir.: Miles Forman  
Fri. at 2:30 pm: *Monty Python's The Meaning of Life*  
Dir.: Terry Jones

On the following dates the Cinematheque will screen films on "Puppet Theatre" in the framework of the International Puppet Theatre Festival:  
10.8, 12.8, 13.8, 14.8, 15.8

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# This Week in Israel • The Jerusalem Museum

**this week at the israel museum jerusalem**

## SUMMER EXHIBITIONS

**Moshe Moller:** Environmental sculpture. Miniature Eighteenth-Century French, English and American Rooms (Courtesy of Dr. Ann Englander).  
**Anselm Kiefer** - new German paintings. The Art of the Mosaic (Ruth Youth Wing) - exhibition of mosaics plus do-it-yourself activity corner for the whole family. Limited places, come very early. Until Aug. 31.  
**Paintings** - children's works on show, plus activity corner. (Ruth Youth Wing).  
**Egypt** - The Other Side of the River - funerary objects from Ancient Egypt (Rockefeller Museum).  
**A Window to Islam** - Islamic culture, religion and court life. Until Aug. 31.  
**Joan Miro** - sculptures. Until Aug. 31.  
**12 Pages from the Cairo Geniza**.  
**The Wall Built Elephant** - popular American Architecture.  
**How to Wrap Five Eggs** - traditional Japanese Wrapping.  
**Happy Accidents** - Marcel Duchamp and Man Ray.  
**Scraps** - crawling home theatre sets and greetings cards (Ruth Youth Wing).

## SUMMER MAGIC

Open Air Events, Magic Shows, Films, Concerts and Workshops throughout July and August.  
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**THE ISRAEL BRASS QUINTET**  
**Film**  
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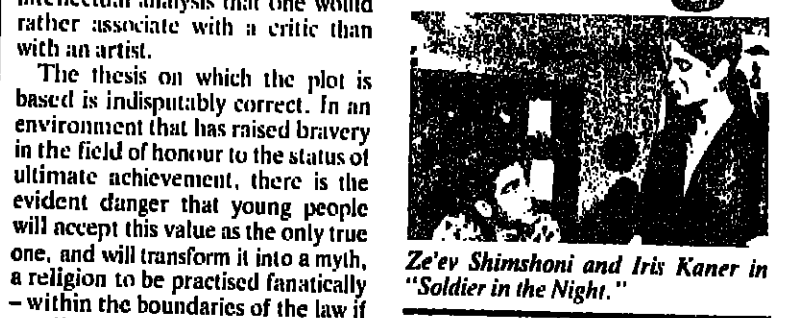
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# In search of an ending



Ze'ev Shimshoni and Iris Kaner in "Soldier in the Night."

**CINEMA**  
**Dan Fainaru**

that someone who kills soldiers one by one will end up killing in masses, but this could have been done in a more palatable dramatic frame than the one Wolman offers here.

As the film unrolls, countless possibilities are suggested as to the direction the script could embark upon; the script seems prepared to embark on each one, for a short while, only to abandon it for the next possibility, which is also soon discarded, and so on.

For instance, the opening sequence has the camera peering behind trees at a group of soldiers in the woods at night; it has all the ominous, threatening atmosphere of a thriller. Something bad is bound to happen here, and indeed it does - a soldier who leaves the lighted circle of the bonfire for a moment is brutally assassinated. For the next few minutes one suspects that catching the killer is the point around which the script will evolve. But nothing is done about this for a while; and when something is done the secret is revealed and the audience is left searching again for the dramatic device that will carry the story on.

For a short while, there is the possibility that a romance between the killer and the beauty is the answer: will the man's murderous passions cross over into his love life, will it affect his relationship with the girl, is she in any danger?  
 But again, nothing comes of it, nothing develops, and after some time the audience is once again adrift, hoping that perhaps the bland press releases from the police, broadcast on television, might indicate a new direction: that the law is doing something about the frequent killings and the murderer will have to show how skilful he is at evading his pursuers.

But there are no pursuers to outwit; and finally, it is the culprit himself who has to bring it all to the boiling point. However, by that time the audience may well be tired of being fooled again, dropped from one set of "film genre" conventions to another, and not care one way or the other when confronted by the climactic act at the end of the film, a frontal attack against the media which, according to Wolman, are much to blame for the plight of this character.

THE REAL trouble with this film is that one can't disagree with the basic things Wolman is saying. Otherwise, it could easily be discarded as nonsense. True, there is too much adulation, in certain circles, for militarism as such, for the power of the fist and of the gun, and ultimately this leads to a phenomenon like Kahane, whether we like it or not. It is also true that violence has become such

an integral part of our life that we tend to take it too much for granted - too little is done about it, and too many arguments are put forward to legitimize it as a necessary evil.

The media are certainly partly to blame for creating the myths, with all the Hollywood ready-made supermen shown again and again on TV, enticing young minds to punch like Wayne, shoot like Cooper and talk like Bogart. To go one step further, and as unpleasant as this might seem to feminists, I would even say that there are women who still fancy some kind of macho ideal, and this might be the real reason behind the romance in this film. In one night sequence, the girl wakes up and tries on her friend's uniform while caressing the weapons in his secret drawer, in what can be interpreted as a worshipful attitude.

But to make all these things work in a film there has to be dramatic construction, an approach that exploits and elaborates on these points and does not content itself with mentioning them. All this is sadly missing here. What's more, Wolman doesn't even try to put himself in his character's shoes, maybe because he is so alien to him. But the result is that Ze'ev turns out to be such an unpleasant, sadistically violent person, such a narcissistic bastard, that one simply refuses to follow his steps for a whole movie, rejects the possibility that only the audience sees his faults while all the people on the screen are totally blind to them. And one finally dissociates oneself entirely from the story.

By causing this to happen, Wolman obliterates the whole point of the film: for if there is a real message in it, it is that there's a Ze'ev lurking somewhere in every one of us, and one should be very careful to keep it down. But once Ze'ev is perceived as a freak, then the whole exercise is pointless.

As it happens, Wolman is not the first one to attack this theme. In a different way, Yehuda "Judd" Ne'eman was talking about the same thing when he described in *Paratroopers* a young man who is unfit for combat duty but insists on sticking it with the commands, for the status of it, until the whole thing becomes too much for him and he commits suicide.

And Uri Barabash, in *Stigma*, dealt with an Israeli who functions perfectly on the battlefield but is a cripple in his personal, emotional life. In both these cases, however, there was much more compassion and understanding for the hero than Wolman is prepared to give his character; and this is strange, because one always associated Wolman with compassion.

Extenuating factors? There are some obvious ones. Wolman had to shoot this film piecemeal over three years, adding one sequence here, another there, every time he found the money and the time to devote to a project no producer agreed to back. Naturally, many things occurred during this time, including the Lebanon War; and the emotional turmoil of the entire nation has inevitably had an effect on a sensitive artist like Wolman.

Also, during that time, Wolman made three purely commercial films for Menahem Golan, two *Lennon Popicles* and the soft-core *Nana* in Italy. These could have influenced his style as well. Not to mention the fact that you can't really blame an actor who fails to sustain a role or give it any depth, when he sometimes has to wait months between shots. So there are extenuating circumstances. But should the audience really have to take them into consideration?

# Parable on power

**THEATRE/Marsha Pomerantz**

evil in the play. And that feeling - the sense of power that elicits real fear - is missing in the production as well as in the text.

As Caligula in tatters, mourning the loss of his sister/lover Drusilla, Shabtai Konorty is weird and pitiful. In uniform, with or without the trousers, he has some semblance of authority. When he fancies himself as Venus, painting his toenails, he is lovely and absurd and amusing. But he is never frightening.

Similarly, his consort, Caesonia (Orna Meirson), however diligently she applies her tongue to his neck, is never truly lascivious. As a spastic girl in the recent Khan production of *Jubilee*, Meirson was powerful. But she does not have enough rot in her soul for the current role.

Although the writer Camus understands everything, it is not clear that he conveys the feeling of

time. As Caligula writhes under a shower of bullets and shouts that he's still alive, a row of marching men assembles behind the glass. Their leader at the centre wears the same white uniform with red sash that was seen on Caligula.

Like many local productions, this one sometimes abuses the ears. Even Konorty tries to make his point by increasing his decibels. And the recorded music used intermittently to lend a sinister air is merely intrusive.

Director Oded Kotler makes good use of the Khan's peculiar space. Actors enter from the auditorium, and Caligula is first seen perched on stairs to the left of the audience. Actors occasionally address the audience directly - always a risk - but seem to pull it off, including us in their world without hitting us over the head with our vulnerability. Caligula shakes hands with a member of the audience and then sits himself down in the first row while his cowed patricians set the table for a banquet.

The production is interesting and definitely worth seeing, but *Caligula*



Shabtai Konorty and Avinoam Har-Haim in the Khan's 'Caligula.'

remains a discourse on rather than an experience of the abuse of power.

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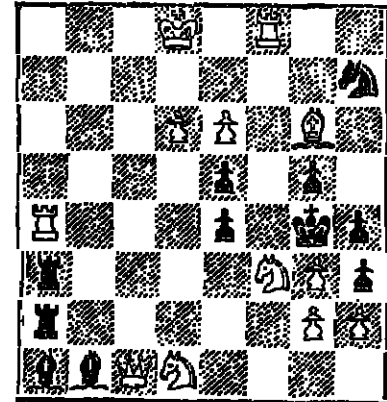




# CHESS

Eliahu Shahaf

Problem No. 3185  
SHLOMO SEIDER, Haifa  
1st place, Israel-Brazil, 1969



White mates in two (12-11)  
SOLUTIONS. Problem No. 3183 (Avti). 1. d6 Be5 2. d7 Ne6 3. Re8 Nf4 4. Kc3 Bc7 (4... Nf5 5. Kh4; 4... Ne2 5. Kf2 g3 6. Ke1) 5. d8d Nc5 6. Re5!! and wins.

**KASPAROV TOPS RATING LIST**  
GARY KASPAROV, the contender to the chess throne, retained his leading position on the International Rating List (ELO Rating) for July 1, 1984, just published by the International Chess Federation (FIDE). Kasparov advanced five points to a total of 2715, ahead of world champion Anatoly Karpov who is second on the list with 2700 points. Holland's Jan Timman moved to the third place (following his victories in Sarajevo and Bugojno) with 2650 points. Next on the list are Lajos Portisch (Hungary) with 2640, Victor Portisch (Switzerland) 2635, Lev Polugaevsky (USSR) 2625, Rafael Vaganian (USSR) 2625, Ljubomir Ljubojevic (Yugoslavia) 2615, Robert Hubner (West Germany) 2610, Vassily Smyslov (USSR) 2610 points.

The most notable change in the women's list was the meteoric rise of the young Hungarian Zsuzsa Polgar who advanced 130 points to share the top place with Sweden's Pia Cramling, both with 2405 points. Next on the list is world champion

Maya Chiburdanidze with 2375, followed by former world champion Nona Gaprindashvili 2335, Agnieszka Brustman (Poland) 2315, Tatiana Lemmichko (Bulgaria) 2305, Irina Levitina (USSR) 2295, Zsuzsa Veroczi-Petronic (Hungary) 2295, Nina Gurieli (USSR) 2290, Nana Ioseliani (USSR) 2290 points.

The first fourteen Israelis on the new Rating List are: Alon Grinfeld, Lev Gutman 2485; Vladimir Liberson 2465; Yehuda Gruenfeld, Natan Birnboim 2450; Yaacov Bleiman, Eliahu Schwidler 2430; Shimon Kagan, Michael Marantz 2425; Yair Kraidman, Yaacov Murey 2420; Yitzhak Veinger 2410; Leon Lederman, Nir Grinberg 2405 points.

**LONDON (PHILLIPS & DREW) 1984**

**MESTEL**  
1. N3 Nf6 2. e4 c5 3. Nc3 b6 4. e4 Bb7 5. e5 Ng8 6. d4 c4 7. Nd4 g6 8. Bf4 9. Qe2 Nc6 10. N3 Nf6 11. b4 Nf5 12. h5 0-0 13. 0-0 Qe8 14. Nd5 d6 15. g4 d5 16. g5 e4 17. f6 Bb6 18. g7 Kh8 19. Bb3 Qb8 20. Ne7 Rf7 21. Nc8 Bc2 22. Qe8 Rf8

**KARPOV**  
1. d4 d5 2. e4 c5 3. Nf3 e5 4. d5 e4 5. g3 Nf6 6. Bg2 Be7 7. 0-0 0-0 8. Ne3 Nc6 9. d5 c5 10. Bg5 d4 11. Bf6 Qf6 12. Nd5 Qd8 13. Nd2 Re8 14. Re1 Bb6 15. Re1 Be6 16. Nf4 Ba2 17. b3 Ba5 18. Re2 Bb3 19. Nh3 d3 20. Re6 Be1 21. Re1 d2 22. Rb1 a5 23. Nd1 Qg5 24. Nhe5 Rad8 25. Bb7 h5 26. Bf3 Qf5 27. Kc2 h4 28. g4 Qg5 29. h3 Rd4 30. Qb3 g6 31. e3 Rd4 32. Ne4 d4 33. Qa4 Qe7 34. g5 Rd3 35. Nf6 Kf8 36. Qh4 Qd8 37. Rb7. Black resigns.

**TIMMAN**  
1. e4 e5 2. Nf3 Nc6 3. d4 e4 4. Nd4 Nf6 5. Nc6 b6 6. e5 Qe7 7. Qe2 Nd5 8. c4 Ba6 9. Qe4 Nb6 10. Nd2 0-0 11. e5 Bf1 12. c6 Bb6 13. b7 Kc7 14. Nb3 f6 15. f4 f5 16. f5 Re8 17. Bf4 Qh4 18. g3 Qh5 19. Re1 Ka8 20. h4 d5 21. Qe3 g5 22. Bg5 Bb4 23. Kf2 Rf8 24. Kg2 Re5 25. Qe5 Qf3 26. Kh2 Qf2. White resigns.

**CHANDLER**  
1. e4 e5 2. Nf3 Nc6 3. d4 e4 4. Nd4 Nf6 5. Nc6 b6 6. e5 Qe7 7. Qe2 Nd5 8. c4 Ba6 9. Qe4 Nb6 10. Nd2 0-0 11. e5 Bf1 12. c6 Bb6 13. b7 Kc7 14. Nb3 f6 15. f4 f5 16. f5 Re8 17. Bf4 Qh4 18. g3 Qh5 19. Re1 Ka8 20. h4 d5 21. Qe3 g5 22. Bg5 Bb4 23. Kf2 Rf8 24. Kg2 Re5 25. Qe5 Qf3 26. Kh2 Qf2. White resigns.

**ELEGANT WIN**  
White: Kg1; Qd1; Ra1; Rf1; Be4; Nc3; Pa2; b2, c4, d5, f2, g3, h2, (13) Black: Kg8; Qe7; Ra8; Rf6; Be8; Nf8; Pa7; b7, c6, d5, e5, g7, f7, (13) 1. d4 b7 2. Nf5! Black resigns. (McKay - Wicker, England, 1983).

**ENDGAME FINESSE**  
White - Kf6; Rg7; Pgb. (3). Black - Kh8; Rf8; Pf7. (3). 1. Rh7! (1. Rf7? or 1. g7 Re8, draw) 1. Kg8 2. g7! (2. Rf7 or 2. Rh8, draw) 2. - Kh7 3. g7! and 4. Rh8x. (Study by A. Seleznev, 1940).

**WHAT IS A FLUKE?** No matter how you define it, it leads to a fantastic result. Following are two such deals from the last Olympiad.

**North**  
1. d4 d5 2. e4 c5 3. Nf3 e5 4. d5 e4 5. g3 Nf6 6. Bg2 Be7 7. 0-0 0-0 8. Ne3 Nc6 9. d5 c5 10. Bg5 d4 11. Bf6 Qf6 12. Nd5 Qd8 13. Nd2 Re8 14. Re1 Bb6 15. Re1 Be6 16. Nf4 Ba2 17. b3 Ba5 18. Re2 Bb3 19. Nh3 d3 20. Re6 Be1 21. Re1 d2 22. Rb1 a5 23. Nd1 Qg5 24. Nhe5 Rad8 25. Bb7 h5 26. Bf3 Qf5 27. Kc2 h4 28. g4 Qg5 29. h3 Rd4 30. Qb3 g6 31. e3 Rd4 32. Ne4 d4 33. Qa4 Qe7 34. g5 Rd3 35. Nf6 Kf8 36. Qh4 Qd8 37. Rb7. Black resigns.

**ELEGANT WIN**  
White: Kg1; Qd1; Ra1; Rf1; Be4; Nc3; Pa2; b2, c4, d5, f2, g3, h2, (13) Black: Kg8; Qe7; Ra8; Rf6; Be8; Nf8; Pa7; b7, c6, d5, e5, g7, f7, (13) 1. d4 b7 2. Nf5! Black resigns. (McKay - Wicker, England, 1983).

**ENDGAME FINESSE**  
White - Kf6; Rg7; Pgb. (3). Black - Kh8; Rf8; Pf7. (3). 1. Rh7! (1. Rf7? or 1. g7 Re8, draw) 1. Kg8 2. g7! (2. Rf7 or 2. Rh8, draw) 2. - Kh7 3. g7! and 4. Rh8x. (Study by A. Seleznev, 1940).

# Flukes

BRIDGE  
George Levinew

read it as a singleton. So for the second trick he led a small heart which he ruffed with the club deuce while West discarded a spade. A spade was played to the king and declarer ruffed another heart with the six while West discarded another spade.

The rest was easy. Declarer won, in order, the diamond ace, the diamond king, the ruff of a diamond while East discarded a heart, three trump tricks, the finesse of the spade jack, the spade ace and the established six.

ONE OF the flukes that players remember is when both pairs in a team of four contest make a slam. This is what happened when the Philippines played Sweden in the last Olympiad.

**North (D)**  
A Q 7 6 5 2  
K J  
Q 5 4 3  
K  
**West**  
A 10 8 4  
K 7 6 2  
A J 8 6  
A 8  
**East**  
K  
Q  
Q 7  
Q J 10 9 7 6 5 4 3 2  
**South**  
A J 9 3  
K 10 9 5 4 3  
K 10 2

Let us review the bidding, with the Philippines North-South. North opened with one spade. East believed that the best competitive bid with his hand was to pre-empt as high as possible. Why go higher than five clubs? That was his bid. As it turned out, it was not high enough.

South with a void in clubs, with a fit in spades, and a very good heart suit, and knowing that he could get no further information from his partner at this level of bidding, jumped to six hearts.

spades would they split 2-2 with the king with West? The 3-1 division was more likely. The suit 3-1, no finesse is likely to win; declarer has no safe return to his hand for a second finesse. If East had a singleton the winning play would be to count him for the king and to play the ace directly, capturing the king.

And so it was. To some players there is a principle here. When you have 12 tricks minus the king play, for the drop.

At the replay with the Philippines East-West, North opened with two spades, weak, and East bid five clubs. South in turn did not fuss around with a heart bid. He had a fit with partner so he bid five spades. West bid six club which North doubled.

South was reluctant to bid six hearts over his partner's double. No matter what was led the slam was made; the king of clubs had to drop and the diamond finesse was onside. This is the type of hand where the best defense against a slam is to bid one more "for the road." Sure you may be set, but what of it? □

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Kfar Blum, Beit Ha'am - Thurs., Aug. 30 at 8.30 pm

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## This Week in Israel: 10th

### MUSEUMS

## Beth Hatefutsoth

### The Nahum Goldmann Museum of the Jewish Diaspora

Visiting hours: Sun., Mon., Tues., Thurs. 10 am-5 pm; Wed. 10 am-9 pm. The Museum is closed on Fridays and Saturdays. Children under 6 are not admitted. Organized tours must be pre-arranged (9-13, Sun.-Thurs., Tel. 03-4251811). Photo Archive. Open to the public on: Sun., Thurs. 9.30 am-12.30 pm; Tues. 9.30 am-2.30 pm.

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- EXHIBITIONS:**
- "The Story of the Jews in Hungary"
  - "To Save a World" American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee (AJDC) 1914-1984.
  - "The Enigma of the Celavro Menorah"

- JEWISH CINEMATHEQUE:**
- "Survival Run" A World War II adventure story based on the autobiographical book by Eric Hazell who received the highest Dutch medal for bravery. Starring: Rutger Hauer, Jeroen Krabbé, Beate Maudijk. Sunday, August 12, and Thursday, August 16 at 8.30 pm. The film is in English with Hebrew and French subtitles.
  - "Passage to India" A former female overseas at Auschwitz meets a former victim of her persecution on a cruise. Directed by: Andrzej Munk. Starring: Aleksandra Slaska, Anna Cieplewska. The film is in English. Monday, August 13 at 8.30 pm. Admission fee: IS800; For Members of Friends Association: IS600. Courtesy of bank leumi בנק לאומי

- EVENTS:**
- "From the Shtetl to the Wide World" (80 years of the "Shtetl" by Shalom Ash) - A Study Evening in Yiddish. Lecturer: Dr. I. Bilitzky. Tuesday, August 14 at 8.00 pm.
  - "Jewish Identity" - A study evening in Spanish. Participants: Prof. Jose A. Itzigsohn, Dr. Arnoldo Liberman. Moderator: Bernardo Treister. Wednesday, August 15 at 8.00 pm.

Beth Hatefutsoth is located on the campus of Tel Aviv University (Gate 2), Kluener St., Ramat Aviv, Tel. (03) 4251811. Buses nos. 13, 24, 25, 27, 45, 46, 74, 78, 274, 572.

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Israel is different: Pava Yussim, one of the first violins of the IPO.

## The Q factor

### SCRABBLE Sam Orbaum

"I GOT the Q." The post-game rehash inevitably includes the fate of that most unyielding and inflexible of letters, the Q. Contumacious snobbery governs its use by the nature of its exclusive attachment to the U, an otherwise lowly letter, vaulted to prominence by the Q's self-indulgence.

The Q's high value - 10 points - is over-assessed because of its dependence on the U. Whereas the potency of a 10-point Z and eight-point X or J would be wasted on a play of 20 points or less, the Q, more realistically valued at about five points, may be dumped for less than 20 without any qualms.

The favourite approach to the Q problem among many Scrabble players, novices and masters, is either to use it immediately (so it doesn't constrict the flexibility of your rack) or, providing the game situation affords you the waste of a turn, to change letters. This approach is particularly valued late in the game (to avoid getting caught with it), and early in the game (when striving for a large turnover of tiles). In mid-game, however, be more patient with the Q. The board is better developed for scoring potential, usually without being clogged as it may be later on. The premium squares are more accessible, and an open U possibly available.

If you get the last U without the Q having been played, treat it as a high-value tile, especially if you are winning. If you can garner a high score with the U, wince, and make the play. Don't hang onto it for six or eight turns, unless it is close to the game's end. With the Q as yet unplayed with less than 10 or 12 tiles remaining in the bag, play a mini-

words. The best of them is QUID. QINDAR and QINTAR contain common letters as well. There is also QOPH and FAQIR.

Probably the most helpful bit of advice concerning the Q Question is this: If you can't win with the other 99 tiles in the bag, don't blame the Q; mostly, it depends on U.

THE 5th National Scrabble Tournament was held in Ashdod from July 26 to 28. Scrabble master Roy Grossman of New York, who organized the world's first Hebrew Scrabble tournament in Los Angeles several years ago and is a veteran tournament director and word judge in the U.S., was on hand to assist and observe.

The top 18 players among the 76 participants made up the Advanced Division, undoubtedly the finest and toughest field in Israeli tournament history. Haifa Scrabble Club director Fred Reifenberg beat Sara Schacter of Jerusalem for top honors. Ari Shanan of Tiberias won the Competitive Division, over second-place Moshe Feingold of the Haifa Club; and Michele Blum of the Jerusalem Scrabble Club won nine of her 10 games to head the Casual Division over kibbutznik Cindy Monashin. Pamela Lovel scored 512 and became the first player in an Israeli Scrabble tournament to crack the 500 barrier.

The most remarkable aspect of the tournament, however, was that it brought together nearly 100 Israelis (including non-players) who for two days did not once speak of politics, the economy or inflation. The sole reference was the lovely bingo UNLINKED, a word no Israeli would challenge.

Owners of well-thumbed, dog-eared Scrabble dictionaries know that there are a handful of U-less Q

## Second fiddle



Israel is different: Pava Yussim, one of the first violins of the IPO.

## MUSIC & MUSICIANS/Yohanan Boehm

but there are objective, biological reasons, too, which cannot be totally dismissed in certain circumstances. These latter are part of the problem for orchestra musicians.

PREJUDICE in European - and probably American - orchestras still affects many women. Remember, last year, the case of Sabine Meyer, who was the best clarinetist at an audition held by the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra and was signed on at the behest of chief conductor Herbert von Karajan against the opposition of the orchestra. Friction

between conductor and orchestra continued, and the latest news from Berlin is that Sabine Meyer intends to leave the orchestra rather than remain the source of conflict between the musicians and Karajan.

IN ISRAEL, the situation is somewhat different. These are the figures for the six local orchestras:

- the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra has 113 members, of whom 17 are women;
- the Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra counts among its 93 musicians 21 women;
- the Israel Sinfonietta, Beersheba has 14 women among 36 musicians;
- the Haifa Symphony Orchestra shows even better relations: among 58 members, 26 women;
- the Israel Chamber Orchestra has eight women out of 31 musicians;
- the Kibbutz Chamber Orchestra has 11 females out of 33 players.

These figures apply to the 1983/84 season. Normally, even in very pre-judiced orchestras abroad, they have to contend with at least one female member playing the harp. In our international harp contests (since 1959), there have been very few male harpists competing against scores of females.

In Israel, we find women in all kinds of instrumental sections - most of them, of course, playing the violin, the viola and the cello, but we also have bass players in the JSO and the IPO, hornists in the IPO and the JSO, bassoon and oboes in the JSO, the JSO and the IPO.

The JSO can even point to a member in the percussion section (Pamela Jones); the Haifa Symphony lists in its brass section a trumpet and a trombone with a woman's name. And salaries are the same for men and women occupying a particular position in the orchestra; several women have leading places in the hierarchy.

I HAVE just received a copy of the *Osterreichische Musikzeitung* (Austrian Music Magazine) which includes an interview with the chairman of the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra (an autonomous cooperative). His answer to the question why the VPO does not include female musicians in its ranks goes thus: because of the heavy work schedule (the orchestra is actually the orchestra of the Vienna Staats-Oper), it cannot afford the loss of members for periods of "motherhood" as prescribed by law. He claims that female musicians need more time to adjust to the orchestra's work and integrate into its social fabric, and that each job done by a woman

director of his own famous New York company and co-director of the New York City Ballet, co-chairman of the Dance Committee of ITI (the International Theatre Institute) and an honorary president of the Notation Congress. From Britain, there will be, among others, Richard Alston, resident choreographer of Ballet Rambert and also one of the honorary presidents of the congress.

There will be performances by the Inbal Dance Theatre, the Israel Ballet, and the Bat-Dor, Kibbutz and Batsheva companies. There will also be a folk-dance programme at the Rubin Academy in Jerusalem, where two sessions of the congress will take place; all the others will be held at Tel Aviv University.

No single universally accepted system of dance notation exists, but the three major systems to be discussed at the congress are now in constant use, with interest in them growing.

New York Times dance writer Jack Anderson recently referred to the "primitive way" ballets used to be passed on: "It is the equivalent of teaching musicians a symphony by whistling the themes." Much damage was done to old masterpieces by the distortions of faulty memory, resulting in modifications that have sometimes changed not only detail but image.

This is now being avoided by the dance notation systems devised by Laban, Benesh and our own Noa Eshkol and Abraham Wachman, and this gives the congress a supreme importance.

They include Robert Joffrey, a "Summer School Workshop" ended the summer courses at the Bat-Dor Studios on July 31 with a programme devised by five choreographers at the Bat-Dor Theatre in Tel Aviv.

Work in Progress (music: Yassukazu Sazo) by Mikhail Murnane demonstrated eastern movements, mostly from martial arts.

Conversations (music: Bach) by Michal Hasson recurred moves of Graham's *Diversion of Angels*, but had its own character.

Jonathan Avni's *Impressions* (music: Keith Jarrett) also used recognizable moves (e.g. Ailey's wide arm and leg swings) but had spontaneous impulses even where rhythmic transitions were insecure.

Rosaline Subel-Kassel's *Aquamarine* (music: Bolder) began with dancers in an upturned position like fish tails at a fountain. The rest was on attractive lines with one risky "catch" when a dancer practically flew into the arms of her partner.

A TRIPTYCH by Benjamin Feiksdal showed aspects of jazz study. In *Warning Up* (music: Grover Washington) some dancers slouched in where they should have sauntered, but in *Aretha* (music: Aretha Franklin) they indeed warmed up. In *School Days* (music: Aretha Franklin) the jazz was hot and happy but not always well hoped.

Notable was the polished way the choreographers had shaped their works to the capacities of the dancers - quite considerable and certainly very promising.



# Piggy-back

Meir Ronnen

TO ENTER a gallery and be confronted with two somewhat larger-than-life depictions of, respectively, the rear ends of a sow and a boar, is something a little out of the ordinary. To do so in Jerusalem, of all places, gives one a bit of a jolt. Pigs form the bulk (sic) of Eli Schwadron's subject matter this time around; and the best of them do give you a jolt, a satisfying visual one, a jolt that results less from religio-cultural associations than from their often boldly successful composition. Schwadron (Israel 1950) is a graduate of the Bezalel Academy, where he now teaches.

The swine are partially seen, in cropped close up, painted in water-colour on full double sheets and successfully treated both as a pattern and a volume, with excellent use of background "negative space". The colour is bold but not a harmonic asset; the chief effect is graphic and tonal. A flash of humour also enlivens good compositions like the one of the two porcine heads, with the ears forming a mountain landscape. The donkey and other animals are less successful, being seen from a little further back. Schwadron brings out elements of both swinish brutality and sly porcine charm, but the real subject is painting itself. The Americans, who have a word for everything, call this sort of thing "single-image" painting. This is one of the liveliest local examples of it seen here lately.

AT THE same venue Andrew Reznitsky (b. Kubishev, Russia, 1942), trained in Moscow and here since 1980, shows some 15 versions of the identical view of an Arab village in the Jerusalem hills, most in pastel, and one each in pencil and pen-and-ink. Working in a wonderfully accomplished post-impressionist figurative - almost academic - style, the artist depicts the view as seen from dawn to dusk and even at night, using two minarets as foci and as points of orientation and identification. Reznitsky is a skilled successor to Bom-



Eli Schwadron: watercolour (Jerusalem Artists House).



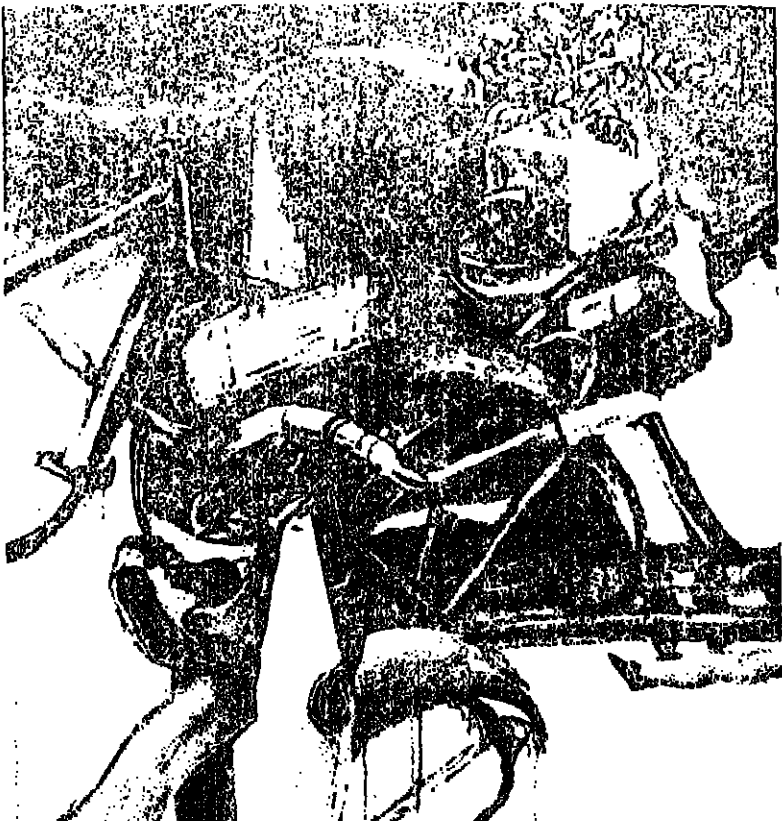
Andrew Reznitsky: "6 pm," pastel (J'lem Artists House).

berg and Ludwig Blum.

Another recent arrival from Russia, Vera Gutkina, (b. Moscow, 1953), like Reznitsky a former member of the Artists Association of Soviet Russia, shows quietly colourful oils in an adjoining gallery at this venue. Her landscapes, still life and portraits are all treated in much the same way, with broken patches of harmonic, low-key colour used in an abstract-impressionist manner. The very accomplished treatment is lively and admits a feeling of light, but the paintings, despite Gutkina's genuine sensitivity, remain curiously unresolved, both in composition and in the definition of the form of details. Less static composition and

the use of defined edges might lend this talented young painter's work a little more artistic bite.

DOWN IN the mezzanine gallery, Uri Revah, a self-taught naive of mystical religious bent (a young sabra, he is a repentant) shows graphically attractive paintings and drawings, many of them on parchment, of variations on kabbalistic and other Judaic themes, drawing on symbols from classic Judaica and micrography but giving it all a distinctly personal quality of no little charm. In addition to images graven into two blocks of basalt, Revah has also constructed a fascinating little painted sculptural ikon, if one may



Yoel Gilinsky: acrylic on canvas (Alon Gallery, J'lem).



Vera Gutkina: portrait, oils (J'lem Artists House).

call it that. (All at The Jerusalem Artists House). Till Aug. 22.

YOEL GILINSKY is a young sabra graduate of two different depart-

ments of the Bezalel academy, both the Fine Arts and Graphics. His appealing monochrome still life on paper (acrylic wash) are handled with an assured virtuosity and authority of firm composition, in the Matisse semi-decorative tradition, but without any tendency to tightness. Gilinsky plays off flowers against flower patterns or combines them with the isometric geometry of the vase without upsetting the picture plane, though in several works he also explores perspective and atmospheric tonal depth. Gilinsky tries the same black wash technique on canvas but using more photographic elements (of bicycle frames) but these lack something of the clarity of the works on paper.

At the same venue, veteran Fay Yitzhaki, who has recently gone back to studying with both Streichman and Raffi Lavie, attacks the art of New Painting with the verve of a young student. Using acrylics as though they were oils, she offers a series of loose portraits (or self-portraits?) that are often boldly colourful, despite some muddy patches that are backslides into non-colour. One "portrait" canvas heightens interest through asymmetry of composition. (Alon Gallery, enr. 51 Palmach, J'lem). Till Aug. 22.

Yoel Abelman completes the trio with mixed media wall installations featuring acrylic covered paper, thin metal rods and painted tissue paper. Here is a case where the sum of the parts do not add up to a whole. Abelman's pictures seem to dissolve into non-directed compositions. At best, an occasional element (part of the total environment) captures one's imagination as does (what appears to be) a horse's head constructed from starched acrylic paper and Buckminster Fuller open tetrahedrons. (Tatrama Gallery, 36 Shenkin, Tel Aviv). Till Aug. 24.

THE FEMALE nude is the subject of Arleh Sagi's black-and-white photographs. Posed amongst the weathered stones of archeological sites, Sagi tries to contrast the living with the dead, the organic with the archetectonic and the fluid with the static. Despite the technical achievement, Sagi's aesthetic quality falls short of making any real impact and fails to meld the opposites into a new

harmony; it's more calendar art than fine art. Sagi also exhibits montages he has created via darkroom techniques. The kaleidoscopic effect of overlapping multiple exposures from the enlarger is full of fun details, reflections and anatomical surprises. (Gallery of Photographic Art, 19 Frishman, Tel Aviv). Till Aug. 31.

AMRAM STOLLER veils erotic flesh in a frenzy of abstract expressionist bravado. Luscious pinks blood reds, zinc white and greens supply a chromatic armature upon which Stoller unleashes what looks like human dismemberment or lustful masturbation. The chaotic compositions are checked and given added strength and substance by broadly painted bands that cleave the supine figure in two. As much as Stoller hides, Batia Elisha illustrates, for her paintings are more like coloured drawings, flat monochromatic figurative canvases. (Gallery of Photographic Art, 19 Frishman, Tel Aviv). Till Aug. 31.

EVEN IF YOU live on the Carmel, you may be amazed to learn that Haifa has no less than 13 museums - 14 if you count a sub-museum, and 15 if you include the Shemen factory's newly-opened museum of early Israel industry, located at the rather out-of-the-way oil and tooth-paste plant.

You may think that something ought to be done to rationalize the situation; but a recent proposal to sell all this museum real estate and build one central museum met with violent opposition.

Few of Haifa's museums were planned; they simply grew out of collections made by various cultured residents, which were provided with premises by the late mayor Abba Khushy, who allowed contractors extra building space in return for use of cellars as museums. About half of Haifa's museums are still owned and operated by the Municipality, through a Haifa Museums Company established several years ago.

Of the city museums, the outstanding one is the National Maritime Museum, housed in a building of its own at the western entrance to the city. A one-man creation by the late Arie Ben-Elie. It is acknowledged to be of an international standard, with some unique models of Phoenician ships and marine artifacts recovered by underwater archeologists off our own shores.

The Maritime Museum is located next door to the Israel Naval and Clandestine Immigration Museum, run by the navy, with exhibits from the heroic days of "illegal" immigration, including a whole ship, the *Af al Pi* (which might be translated "the Defiant"). It also has some more recent exhibits, of a nature unlikely to be seen elsewhere, which include a mini-submarine captured from a PLO base in Lebanon.

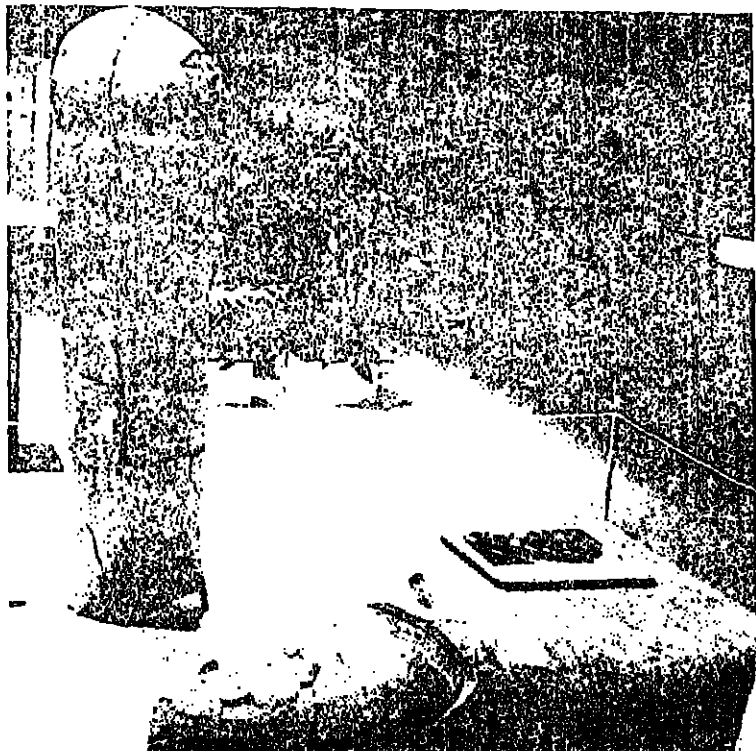
Another municipal museum that stands alone, both actually and figuratively, is the Tikotin Museum of Japanese Art, housed in a small Japanese-style building on Mt. Carmel on an outstanding site between the city's two leading hotels, the Dan and the Nof, where it is a natural for tourists. Its drawback is that the single-room exhibition can be digested in not much more than 15 minutes.

The Music Museum, the creation of Moshe Oorali, now a squeezed-in sub-tenant of the City Museum, is perhaps the Haifa museum abroad best known, having sent an exhibition of its models of biblical musical instruments to 30 countries. Tourists from as far away as Australia seek it out as the one Israeli museum they know about. Unfortunately, they don't find it in its original home, Struck House. This is designated by the municipality, as the future home of a museum in memory of the German-Jewish etcher, whose pupils included Marc Chagall, and his work, the famous etching of Theodor Herzl.

If the plans ever materialize, the stone house, built for Struck (entirely by Jewish workers, at a time when only the Arabs were known as stonemasons) shortly after he immigrated in the early '20s, will also pay visual homage to the contribution of German Jews to the upbuilding and culture of the country.

WHILE IT MUST BE left to more qualified critics to pronounce on the modern art in the City Museum, even I can discern some worthwhile exhibits in the ancient art section. These include the very fine examples of the famous Egyptian Fayoum portraits from the second to third centuries C.E. and Israel's most comprehensive collection of marble heads of the classical period, as well as other artifacts that some of the

# Multiple museums



Coffins from Diet el-Balah, at the Hecht Museum, Haifa University. (Taubert)

Ya'acov Friedler

great museums of the world sometimes borrow for their own exhibitions.

The Ancient Art Museum was created by the late Dr. Alexander Rosh, who acquired many of the items for his own collection half a century ago, when private persons could still afford to buy them.

These two museums were originally housed in a wing of City Hall; but, as the growing bureaucracy required increasing space, they were transferred a few years ago to a disused school building in Rehov Shabtai Levi, whose main disadvantage is that it is a street everybody walks through, but few stop in. While the curators find the old, stone-faced building inadequate, I personally find it attractive and exactly suited for a museum - if only they could afford to install air-conditioning.

The city also runs the Prehistoric Museum in the Gan Ha'em zoological garden, generally conceded to be worth visiting because it's free once you've paid to get into the zoo. Another municipal responsibility is the Mane Katz Museum, which is not much more than a small exhibit of the late artist's work and collection of Judaica and old furniture, housed in a fine building on Panoramia Street. Of the non-municipal museums, the two created by Dr. Reuben Hecht, the art connoisseur and chairman of Dagon Silos, stand out.

One, housed in the foyer of the silo, is devoted to the story of grain, its cultivation and storage, told through artifacts which blend happily with their surroundings. For good measure, a few working models of the silo's grain-handling methods are added, though properly separated from the ancient objects.

The other, recently opened, is the Reuben and Edith Hecht Museum of Eretz Yisrael Archeology and Art, on the Haifa University campus, which draws a remarkably large number of visitors to the out-of-town site. All the exhibits came from Dr. Hecht's private collection, made over half a century.

Not long ago, the nucleus of a national science museum was cre-

ated in the old Hadar building of the Technion, shortly to be vacated by its last faculty, architecture, which is joining the other 18 on the Mt. Carmel campus.

Israel Railways, itself something of a museum piece with its single-track lines and outdated rolling-stock, opened a museum to mark its centenary. But tucked away near the old and disused eastern station, at a far end of the city, it has even fewer visitors than the railway has passengers.

At the time of writing, the Shemen museum had not yet opened its doors, which leaves us with the last of the Haifa museums, that of the Carmelite monks in their Stella Maris monastery, where they display Mt. Carmel artifacts unearthed by members of their order.

IN GENERAL, it may be said that the importance of Haifa's museums lies in artifacts rather than art, and if they were all put together the city would have a museum to be proud of.

That is where artist-sculptor-industrialist Ami Shavit came in, invited by Mayor Arye Gurel in 1982 to take over the management of the Haifa Museums Company, review its activities and propose any changes he might consider desirable.

Shavit came, saw and was conquered, but left six months ago, officially because the curators of the various city museums would not accept his authority.

At his large home in the Ein Hod artists' village, Shavit conceded that in addition, he had been frustrated by lack of backing from the mayor.

During his short management, he proposed that all the city museums be united in a new complex in the Carmel National Park, opposite the University. Construction would be financed by the sale of the existing museum buildings and their highly-priced sites, plus a 20-dunam plot at Ramat Hadar, halfway between Hadar and the Carmel, which had been set aside for a museum complex by Abba Khushy nearly 30 years ago, but is now not considered an ideal location for the project.

The estimated cost was about \$20m. - a sum which was enough to scare Haifa's, who are not in the habit of thinking big. Nevertheless, Shavit went ahead and launched, under the \$26,000 sponsorship of the American Institute of Architectural Education, competition for a design open to architecture students worldwide. A jury of 24 U.S. architects judged the 147 entries, nine of them from the Technion's architecture faculty, and the best of the plans are to be exhibited at the City Museum in October.

They are all that is left of Shavit's grand design, which, incidentally was in line with a similar idea for one large and impressive City Museum long nursed by Dr. Hecht, who for years served on a municipal advisory board but also resigned in disgust with the city fathers' lack of vision, and donated his own museum to the university.

Its remarkable success, which has obliged the management to open it to the public every day, is cited by Shavit as vindication of his own plan for a big museum near the university. "It's proved that if there's something worth seeing, even the stay-at-home Haifaite will go a long way to see it," he noted.

Actually, he envisaged a different kind of museum for Haifa. Not a "collecting museum" hunting for old masters, which the city could not afford, but a "happening museum," made up of a collection of well-designed pavilions carefully placed in the park, so that visitors "can enjoy life with a little culture."

He was thinking in terms of a regional museum that would display the specifics of the Galilee, Haifa and its historic environment, the pre-history of the Carmel, marine archeology, the history of the Templars' settlement of Modern Haifa, the Crusaders, and Baha'i culture.

But Shavit's plan did not receive the enthusiastic reception he might have expected. He was cold-shouldered. The curators who had turned their little museums into little empires resented any change, any limitation of their autonomy. Haifa's intellectuals, whom he considered his natural allies, "don't want the low-grade art we can now offer and satisfy their cultural needs by reading, private collections and going abroad to visit the great museums." The city fathers took no clear stand.

Trying to reorganize the museum set-up, Shavit came up against the "no firing" rule, since all museum staff are City Hall employees. "My expectations of Gurel remained unfulfilled. We didn't quarrel, but he didn't provide the push of a Teddy Kollek or Shlomo Lahat."

So, "with the Haifa public not interested, the mayor not giving me the feeling that I could go ahead and the lack of money, I saw no point in killing myself for something unwanted, and being both *shorrer* and fighter with the curators for it."

Nearly every month, Shavit added, he had to go to City Hall, hat in hand, for the funds allocated for running the museum company. The more than \$500,000 it costs annually merely to keep the museums as they are, with all the staff duplications involved, in order to give the public what amounts to "permanent exhibitions" is in his opinion not worth it.

QUITE APART from the present economic crisis, which makes a \$20m. investment unrealistic, Shavit believes that "Haifa is just not ripe for a real city museum. It's a stay-at-home town with no communal leadership, and we can just forget it for the next 10 years or so. But I believe that my idea is right, and that if it ever gets off the ground, such a

museum will attract endowments and gifts of art that will quickly enhance its quality."

On this point, at least, everybody appears to agree. Mayor Gurel noted that the idea of concentrating the museums was a long-standing city plan and a choice would have to be made between the municipality's existing site at Ramat Hadar, and the Carmel Park proposal. (The land there is owned by the Parks Authority and the Lands Authority, and would take much bureaucratic juggling to free.)

Gurel said he had brought in Shavit "because I thought his background right" and has established the museum company for him. But experience had shown Shavit to be incapable of coping with a publicly owned enterprise, and its vested interests.

Nevertheless, "when we see the designs his competition yielded we'll consider the matter."

TO FILL the gap left by Shavit, City Hall appointed David Plonsky, director of the Haifa Tourism Development Association, a municipal concern, acting director of the museum company.

He naturally approaches the problem with tourism in mind. "The tourist itinerary already includes the Maritime, Navy and Dagon Museums, and those who stay at the Dan and Nof Hotels go in to see the Japanese Museum too."

He does not think that Shavit's plan is the only choice and offers "a no less good" alternative of two complexes, one based on the maritime-naval museum site near the station of the cable railway from Mt. Carmel now under construction, the other on the old Technion site.

While scrupulously refraining from anything that might be construed as criticism of his predecessor, (one curator refused even to utter the name Shavit), Plonsky pointed out what he had done since taking over in June. He had frozen all dismissals after Shavit had eliminated 11 jobs, "and I'm trying to get back some of those dismissed." In tough negotiations he had coped with the \$520m. deficit he had inherited.

He believed he had restored morale among the staff and had even got them to follow his example of punching a time clock. Until the big change to one or two museum complexes could be effected - and he personally objects to the Ramat Hadar alternative as being "neither here nor there" - he felt he was quite successfully getting the existing facilities humming again.

Conceding that he himself is not a connoisseur, Plonsky feels he has infected the curators and staff with his own enthusiasm.

BOTH SHAVIT and Dr. Hecht believe the finances could be handled better. The latter, for instance, recalls that when he was still serving on the public committee, they had found that at one of the museums it cost more to keep the man who sold the entrance tickets than the proceeds they yielded. But any suggestion of cancelling entrance fees and perhaps actually saving money, as well as attracting a larger public, fell on the deaf ears of bureaucracy.

As matters now stand, only a miracle is likely to lead to the establishment of a large city museum that might leave a lasting impression on visitors. Even if City Hall were suddenly to reverse its "let sleeping dogs lie" attitude and start making bold decisions, which seems unlikely, it still wouldn't have the money nor the control over some of the important museums which don't belong to the municipality.

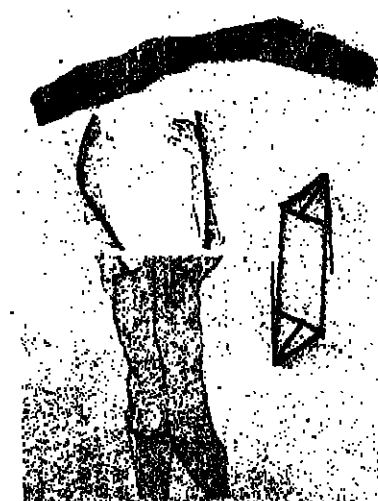
# A trio of young lions

Gil Goldfine

SIMHA SHPAIZER leads a three-person show with large multi-media, message-oriented, pictures. Apart from the conventional pigment, brushed onto a flat plane, Shpaizer has adhered painted slats and electrical fixtures as high relief elements, while also extending the frame's rectangular format with smaller wooden frames. Mirroring the Rauschenberg-Johns assemblage Pop style, Shpaizer comes across as an avid painter who likes to use basic geometry, which he dissects and re-constructs in a mix of quasi-cubist drawings, flat-expressionist passages and

colourful decorative patterns. Although the results reflect the current "where it's at", Shpaizer does extend the means to reach a dynamic, if sometimes muddled, end.

Sharing the gallery is Sharon Rotbard, whose small figurative pencil drawings are true psychological games; couples and individuals parallel symbols and esoteric written messages, all isolated on broad stretches of barren white. The neutral characters border on the lethargic, something reflected in Rotbard's passive linear contours. The behavioural passivity, however, appears to seethe with undercurrents of mystery, confrontation, doubt and even paranoia, as the Freudian sexual intrusion (taking



Yael Abelman: mixed media installation (Tat Rama Gallery, Tel Aviv).

the shape of candles, rolling pins and a rectangular, pubic-shaped eye) are recurring and noticeable themes. An interesting portfolio.



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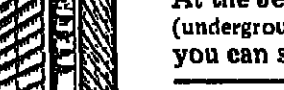
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A black and white line drawing of a car, possibly a sedan, parked in front of a tall, multi-story building with many windows. The car is facing right. The building is on the left side of the advertisement.

**EXHIBITIONS**  
**NAHAM GUTMAN**  
The exhibition is sponsored by the Tel Aviv Foundation for Literature and Art.  
**GALLERY TALK AT THE NAHAM GUTMAN EXHIBITION** (in English), Sunday at 11.30 a.m.

**WHITE CITY – International Style Architecture In Israel**  
The exhibition is sponsored by the George Wasserman Foundation, Washington, D.C., and the Mordechai Kiyari Foundation.

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**VELO THEATRE (France), "Enveloppes et Daballages,"** (Without words, for children from age 7). Sunday, 12.8, at 4.00 p.m.  
**TEATRO DEIPICCOLI PRINCIPI (Italy), "Music, Mechanisms and other Devils,"** (in Italian, with Hebrew translation, for adults). Monday, 13.8, at 9.00 p.m.  
**BARRY SMITH'S THEATRE OF PUPPETS (Britain), "Music and Drolls,"** (in English, with Hebrew translation, for children from age 7). Tuesday, 14.8, at 4.00 p.m.  
**NATIONAL MARIONETTE THEATRE (U.S.A.), "In Concert,"** (Without words, for children from age 4). Thursday, 16.8, at 11.00 a.m. and 4.00 p.m.

**CINEMA**  
**SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY (France, 1964, 80 min.,** In colour, French with Hebrew and English subtitles). Mr. Ladmira! spends a Sunday at his estate with his son and daughter-in-law and their children. His younger daughter, who arrives unexpectedly, turns the family gathering into an exciting event. Director: Bertrand Tavernier, winner of the prize for best director at the 1984 Cannes Festival. Daily at 6.00, 7.30, 9.30 p.m.; Saturday at 7.30, 9.30 p.m.

**SUMMER VACATION**  
**CHILDREN'S THEATRE**  
**ANIMALS, a colourful collage of songs and stories about animals.** (In Hebrew, for age 4 and over). Monday, 13.8, at 11.00 a.m.  
**KING SOLOMON'S LEGENDS, adapted by Ch. N. Bialik.** (In Hebrew from age 7). Wednesday, 15.8, at 11.00 a.m.

**PUPPET THEATRES, see 'Theatre'.**

**ACTIVITIES FOR CHILDREN**  
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**MUSEUMS**

**Israel Museum.** Exhibitions: Modée Moller, environmental sculpture; Miniature 18th-Century French, English and Austrian portraits; Erika Kiefer, new German paintings; The Art of the Mosae, Ancient Papyrus; Hagiocenic, children's work and family centers; Happy Accidents, ready-made and photographic; The Other Side of the River, funerary objects from ancient Egypt; Baskelkelt, American architecture; How to Wrap Up Eggs, traditional Japanese wrapping; Joan Miró, Eight Years of Sculpture in Israel (until 31.8); Windows to Islam, Islamic ceramic relief panels and coats of life; 12 Pages from Carlo Ginzburg, Scapes Permanent collection of Judaica, Art, Archaeology and Contemporary Israeli Art; How to Study the Past (for children); Paley Centre, new art by Rosekeela Manning; The World of the Hebrew Works of Art; A Tale of Two Cities; Hallelujah! Men's Mon., Wed., Thu. 10-16; Tu. 10-16; Tu. 10-16, Tu. 10-16, Su.

**Old Yishuv Court Museum.** The life of the Jewish community in the Old City, from 19th Century; World War I, a Reb. Ch. (Tahash), Jewish Quarter Old City, Sun-Thurs., 9am-4 pm.

**Sir Isaac and Lady Edith Wolfson Museum at Tel-Aviv Shalom: Permanent Exhibition of Judaica, Documents Review: History of the Jewish People, Special Exhibit: Serigraphs by Shmuel Katz, Tel. 2471112.**

**Herta and Paul Amirani: Opp. Latta Gate, Tel. 052-282077.**

**Black On White: Michael Greenfield, Riva Abramov, Yoram Barak, Yehuda Shahar, Amos Peres, Seinfeld Gallery, 9 Rehov Hadassim 101-4, 47. Tel. 052-282721.**

**Tel Aviv MUSEUM**

**Tel Aviv Museum.** Exhibitions: Salomon Landman, posters and book illustrations; White City International Style Architecture in Israel; Collections: Classical 15th and 16th century painting; Impressionist and Post-Impressionist, 20th Century Art; Arab Art; Israeli Art; Local and Foreign Artists; Modern Sculpture and Drawings by Abner Mordechai Peleg, Homma, Malroze, Rothlisberger and others; Special Exhibit of Paint from Jerusalem Print Workshop; Milfing House; Sun-Thurs. 10-10; Sat. 10-2; Tu-Fri closed.

**Thekla Holmdahl-Pedersen.** Exhibition in Beit A.P.O. and Apple, Sill 1-4, 1-5; Exhibition: Vidyut Ha'aretz; Sun-Thurs. 9-1, Sat. 10-2; Fri. closed.

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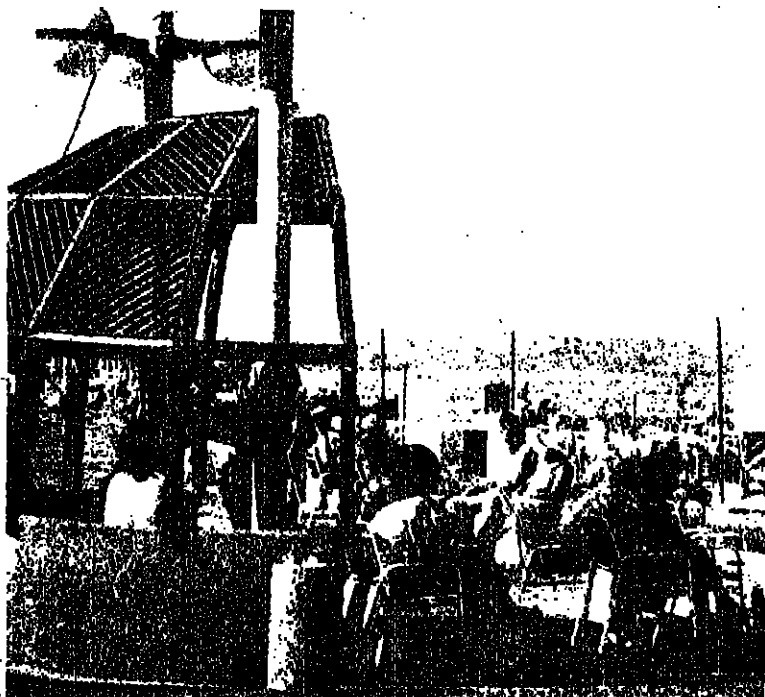
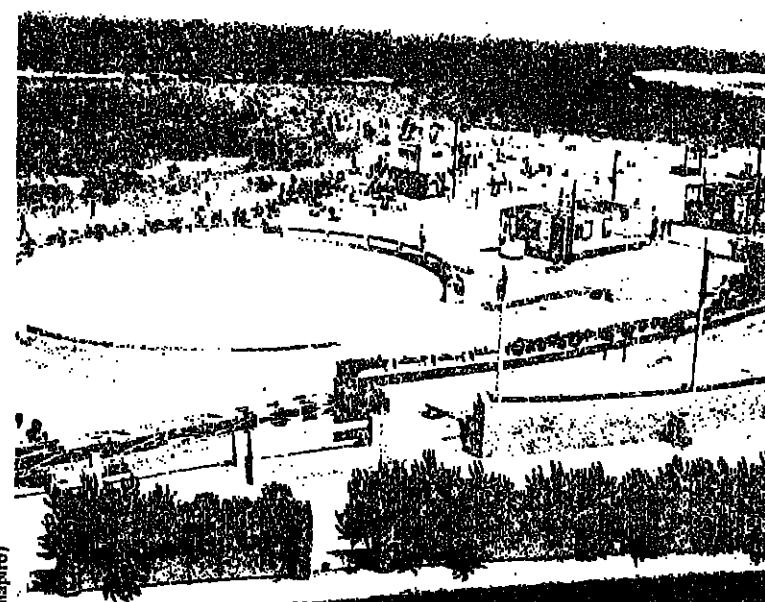
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FRIDAY, AUGUST 10, 1984

This is well supplied with concrete benches, lit by brilliant globes, as well as with portable white metal chairs. When the latter were first introduced a great personage expected them to droop in within months; but most of them are used, about not without pleasure, and they were replaced by more dignified specimens, which would not grace a private garden but are comfortably appropriate here.

From these seats, the bench presents a stage where the action never stops. There is always somebody, male or female, doing yoga exercises. You can often see a solitary figure, not necessarily in a bathing suit, sitting on the sand in a reflective mood. Occasionally, a sunburned youth in a T-shirt, or perhaps formally clothed in jacket and tie, will squat in front of a young woman and engage in conversation - you can't hear the words, but the gist is quite clear. Then, either the girl leaves, or the young man rises reluctantly and continues his stroll.

There is, of course, no policeman to appeal to in case of importunate encroachments on privacy. There aren't even simple guards to chase dogs away, or stop ball games at the water's edge, though notices clearly ban them.

A metre or two below the Promenade, there is a border of flowers. The beach itself is now quite wide, due to the breakwaters the former mayor Yehoshua Rabinovich began having erected many years ago. The old, narrow strip of gravelly sand has made way for the road which runs parallel to the Prom on the east. This is a major planning flaw, but was probably unavoidable because Tel Aviv has no alternative means of channelling north-south traffic. As it is, the unending stream of cars, the unchecked honking, the gasoline fumes, cannot be ignored on the prom, even if you turn your back on it. As with everything in Tel Aviv, one must compromise.

**THE SHORE** is full of memories for old-timers. Some are private-school outings, or unobserved ventures with a girl-friend. There are historic landmarks, too, though they are not acknowledged as such. There is the spot where Arlosoroff was murdered — an event which rent the Yishuv almost beyond repair. The Kessem cinema, which became the seat of the first Knesset, is now a dilapidated structure at the corner of Allenby Road. On the piazza in front of it, Herzl's remains, in a casket draped in blue-white and black, lay for three days, so that the public could pay their respects before they were taken to Jerusalem for reburial.

A few blocks to the south, one passes the street where the Savoy Hotel once stood – at one time Menachem Begin's hiding-place, the site of a murderous PLO attack not so many years ago. Little is preserved (today of the Manshiya quarter, from which attacks on Tel Aviv were launched each time "disturbances" broke out).

At the southern end of the Prom is the flourishing Dolphinarium, surrounded by a cluster of eating-places and a large parking lot, which awaits the building-up of the area across the road to get the clientele for which it is designed.

Come on, take a stroll along Tel Aviv's Promenade. Tel Avivians love crowds. They crowded Rehov Herzl once, when the street was big enough to hold them. They fill Rehov Dizengoff and, occasionally, Kikar Malchei Yisrael. Now they have discovered the Promenade. Soon, the Prom will be the symbol of Tel Aviv.



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- ★ **Thursday, August 23, 1984 at 8.30 p.m.**  
**Additional performance due to public demand!**
- ★ **Sabbath eve, August 25, 1984 at 9.30 p.m.**

**Tickets:** Tel Aviv - main distributors, Kastel, Tel. 03-444725, 03-447678 and at other ticket agencies.  
**Jerusalem** - Klafim, Tel. 02-340096, and at other ticket agencies.  
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**Tickets and institutions and groups:** Tel Aviv - Kastel; Jerusalem, Klafim and at the Jerusalem Municipality, Department of Culture, Rehov Ha'el Adam, Tel. 02-26211.  
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NIGHT PATROLS with the Hous- ton, Paris or Belfast police are jour- neys of discovery. Night patrols along the pavements and canals of Amsterdam, the city of my birth, are nostalgia rides, pilgrimages to a cemetery of memories and an inevit- able exercise in comparison — the juxtaposition of then and now.

The placid canals flanked by gabled houses are there as before, as are the typically bulbous clock- towers with their carillon sounds reverberating from the slated roofs below. What is gone is the dignity of heritage, sunk in a quagmire of gaudy neon lights multiplied in the still water of the canals, with blaring loudspeakers, barkers for the sex shops and sex shows and droves of drooling visitors to sin city, once the citadel of Calvinist burgher respect- ability.

True, the scantily dressed poppets in their tiny showcases were always there. But these days they present the *Penthouse* image where once they purveyed the Dutch version of domesticated sexuality, the sailor's dream of home-comforts with the missus. They were usually seen knit- ting with a fat pussycat in the back- ground, a teapot brewing over a wick, the illumination parlour- cosy, catering to the rough-hewn mariners in their blue turtleneck pullovers.

Now the clientele is wearing the conventional tourist clobber, flash- light cameras at the ready, the Japanese conspicuous in jackets and neckties.

I also remember the maids and the housewives weekly scrubbing the pavements with soap and water — Dutch cleanliness not being *next* to godliness but godliness itself — as I watch the crowds stop carefully along the dogshit-covered pave- ments.

FOR ACTION, Saturday night is the time and the Warmoesstraat police-station, on the edge of the red-light district, is the place. The brigadier welcomes me, expressing appreciation that a reporter should take the trouble to share the risks and tribulations of the men on the beat. For in liberal Holland the forces of law and order are less than admired, especially by the ever- trendy media. Here is my report for the night of July 7/8.

My companions for the night are Huib and Erik, driving patrol-car No. 241, a diesel-engined Volks- wagen "Golf" which, given the nar- row streets and sharp turns, is the ideal pursuit vehicle.

We slowly edge our way through the ogling throng inspecting the mer- chandise. From the many drawn cur- tains I deduct that business is brisk.

The girls pose no problem to the police. After six years on the same beat, my companions know every *temeie*, as they call them, every pimp and every pusher. The word *temeie* derives from the Hebrew *teme'a* (un- clean). Many Hebrew words have been absorbed into the Dutch thieves' language: *smeris* (police- man) from *shmir* (guard); *hajes* (jail) from *bayit* (house); and *ganief* (thief).

More problematic are the heroin- whores who ply their cut-rate trade on foot in the alleyways. Most of them are German and engage in prostitution to maintain their addic- tion. Their ages range from 15 to 20. During the first half of 1984, Am- sterdam recorded 56 deaths by over- dose, of which 40 were Germans. The reason for this, Huib explains, is that in Germany, unlike in liberal Holland, the punishment for drug offences is severe (18 months' im- prisonment for having traces in the blood). Moreover, in Germany the drugs are "cut" or diluted, forcing



## Law and ordure

WIM VAN LEER cruises around Amsterdam in a police car, to see the seamy side of life in Europe's liberal 'Sin City.'

the consumer to take a larger dose for results. In Holland, drugs are of high quality, and Germans who take the same quantity they are used to are often lethally overdosed.

Central control directs us to an address where a yelling woman is trying to set fire to her apartment, after having smashed a window. On the third floor of a narrow, rickety building, there is a smell of burning. We command the woman to open up, then kick in the mouldy door. A pan with food is being incinerated on the stove. She tries to hide on a bed covered with excrement, yelling that she has just miscarried triplets and that the babies died because they were rusty, and other nonsense. The room reveals an incredible accu- mulation of filth. She offers my com- panions a variety of sexual delights and promises me that I can look on (because I am older). Realizing that she is demented, we call an ambu- lance, and subsequently a white- coated paramedic gives her an injec- tion and wraps her in a blanket. The neighbour promises to look after the place until the door is repaired.

THE JUNKBOAT is a barge with superstructure moored near the Central Station. It is the "club- house" for drug addicts from the

distant Nieuwmarkt quarter and the initiative of the good citizens of that quarter who don't want them around. The members, mainly "hopeless cases," can do what they like, bring drugs and destroy them- selves *à volonté*. My request to have a look inside is politely turned down.

There are 10,000 junkies in Am- sterdam, out of a population of 750,000. Is any effort made at re- habilitation? "What would be the point?" asks Erik. "They want to destroy themselves? Fair enough, let them."

The next incident concerns the demolition of all the glass on a brand-new Mercedes limousine with German licence plates. A drunk, frightened by the horn of the car, has methodically smashed in all the win- dows with a Justin and then made do with the help of another patrol car and directed by witnesses, we corner him. He offers little resistance. To our questions, he only repeats over and over again "Rot- moffen! Rotmoffen!" (Lousy krauts!) He is handcuffed to be deliv- ered to the station. We pass the vandalized Mercedes. The Germans stand around, still in a state of shock. A helpful café-owner shovels the glass splinters into the gutter.

A SLOW cruise through the Nieuwendyk, a main shopping drag, shows that all shopwindows have iron shutters these days, for which the municipality collects a special tax.

We are stopped by a 15-year-old West Indian girl of good address and considerable charm. Her mother, who lives with a man, kicked her out in a fit of unjustified jealousy. She has neither money nor belongings. We take her to the station where she makes a statement for the Juvenile Division. After this, we take her to the Convent of the Sisters of St. Augustine, where she is warmly re- ceived. "Fatherless families... what do you expect?" opines Huib.

Amsterdam sports many estab- lishments where the victims of "ex- cess liberality" can find succour and protection. Their names leave no room for ambiguity or euphemism. For information and general aid, women can turn to Women Phone Women. For threatened women there is Against Her Will. Keep Your Hands Off My Body is an organization catering to battered or raped women. For gays there is a protection society with an inelegant query for a name, freely translated as Been Bugged About?

All this information is contained

in a 12-page newspaper published by the municipality and distributed free in bars, hotels, doss houses and police stations. It guides the young through the minefields of free-wheel- ing Amsterdam. It lists doss houses for \$3 a night (\$4 with breakfast), discotheques (straight, gay and dikey), emergency addresses for the mentally disturbed, advice on how and where to lodge complaints against the police.

The clinic for abortions and venereal disease is open round the clock. At the Aletta Jacobs Institute you can get inter-uterine devices and the morning-after pill on the spot. A special column sets out how to deal with the police ("...they can keep you for six hours, night hours don't count"). Another section gives use- ful advice to prospective squatters who now illegally occupy 5,000 houses in Amsterdam.

I hope I am informatively dis- gressing.

The municipal "message of wel- come" reads, in part, "Amsterdam has the reputation that much, if not everything, is possible here. Toler- ance and freedom to do as you please are important values here..." The Voice of Authority, 1984 style!

ATTEMPTED burglary in a back- water that must have seen some of Holland's Golden Age. A small pane has been smashed to reach the catch. Luckily, the window was nailed fast. A neighbour keeps the frightened young woman company. She is a biologist, loves old Amster- dam, but what with the surrounding crime is considering moving out. We search the area without result. She invites us in for a coffee or a beer which, by regulation, we must de- cline. She keeps us talking, is obviously afraid to be alone. "You'd better ask Kees to move in with you," suggests the neighbour. "I don't know who is the more danger- ous," replies her friend.

FROM a third-floor balcony one of Mr. Gersten's guests is amusing him- self throwing beer bottles onto the pavement below, where they shatter with such an amusing "plop." From below we tell him to stop it. "Here, have a beer on me, gentlemen," he shouts in slurred tones as two full beer-cans come sailing down. We are about to enter the premises when the host appears to wheel his recal- citrant guest inside; he apologizes for the inconvenience caused and closes the balcony doors. A young girl in a see-through miniskirt appears armed with a broom to sweep the glass splinters into the canal.

ON A quayside, a German car with two people peacefully asleep inside. Germans being Germans, my com- panions decide to give them a little nightcap. "Open up! Police." The corpulent, middle-aged couple come out. The man, looking for his pap- ers, puts his spectacles on the front- seat. The wife, a little shaken with embarrassment, sits down crunching the spectacles with her *avoir du pois*. Sleeping in cars not being permitted, we send them on their way to look for an hotel.

IN The Little Gent, a small res- taurant, a couple find that the fare is not to their liking. This results in a fracas, which leaves the place in a shambles. With the help of the staff, the husband is deposited on the pavement, after which he takes to his heels, only to return 10 minutes later armed with a pistol. This he dis- charges — once into the proprietor's left buttock and once into his right thigh. Then he vanishes.

We hand the case over to two

detectives, who depart in pursuit of the fugitive as the ambulance ar- rives. Surveying the wrecked joint, the bleeding proprietor and the mess on the floor, Huib remarks dryly: "If you order cold chicken you can't go wrong."

We return to the station where Huib files a report while Erik takes over the duty desk. Turk A, having had a little too much to drink, cannot remember the address or the name of the place where he is staying. Since he speaks only Turkish, in his panic he has requisitioned Turk B, who speaks a little Dutch. He has neither papers nor money. "What do you expect us to do about it?" asks Erik. "Maybe the people you are staying with will come looking for you." The new-found friend now informs us that his host does not know his name. A dilemma if ever there was one. They both leave "to look for the house."

Enter a recent immigrant from Surinam in the Dutch West Indies. He speaks Taki-Taki with a few words of Dutch. He has found a mongrel of which he has grown very fond, and wonders if he can keep it. There are consultations with the bri- gadier. Since it is obvious that dog and master are made for each other, an entry is made in the register and both depart in a cloud of belonging. It is the only heart-warming incident in the whole night's work.

A "fight in a pub" turns out to be a drunken Scandinavian who, in order to impress the lady at the bar, has broken a glass mug and wilfully lacerated his left hand with the re- sulting weapon. His blood, thinned by alcohol, flows like water into a pool on the floor. We apply the barman's rag as a tourniquet and summon an ambulance. While we get the details from the barflies, the Scandinavian is being treated in the ambulance. Through a slit in the curtains a young punk observes the medics at work inside. Huib asks him to move on. The punk loudly pro- tests that he is doing nothing illegal, so why should he move on?

"Because I say so," counters Huib.

"And who are you to tell me?" says the punk. "Just because you wear that monkey-suit?"

"I am telling you for the last time," threatens Huib. The punk offers his wrists to imaginary hand- cuffs. "O.K. Arrest me, throw me in the bajes. I am not moving."

I am curious to see what happens next. But since Huib has gone to the limit of his authority, nothing hap- pens next. He re-enters the pub while the punk savours his victory over the law for a few moments, then ambles on.

On a corner, by one of the hump- backed bridges, we notice a black, a pusher known to the police. Just then, a car stops, the driver jumps out and shouts in German: "Arrest that man." Routine-wise we shove the black against a wall, and since he dangles a slim 8 cm. knife from a small chain attached to his middle finger, put on the handcuffs after emptying his pockets, where we find assorted currencies including 30 German marks. The German bought some stuff from him for DM 30, which turned out to be sugar and flour. The German wants his money back. We put the black on the back- seat and ride three up front, while insults in Dutchified Taki-Taki come sailing across.

Inside the station the black begins to rave, throws himself on the floor like an epileptic. The blacks brought in by other patrols, and awaiting processing, as well as the cops, enjoy the show.

"It's his regular act," says Erik, "nothing a bucket of cold water won't cure." When he begins to yell foul language (that much Dutch he has mastered) he is locked in a cell. The German still demands his DM 30. But the money, now in police custody, is Exhibit A. I think the German wished he had never started the rumpus.

From a far-off cell a man is yelling "I need a doctor! I need a doctor!" "What's the matter with him?" I ask the brigadier.

"They all need doctors, believe me," he replies.

BACK ON the street, we observe two blacks walking arm in arm. We intercept them. Their spacious pock- ets disgorge enough burglary tools to service a tank. The tools, now confis- cated, can be collected at the station. "They won't," predicts Huib.

We are stopped by an old man who informs us that a black in a blue anorak has been threatening people with a knife. We swing around and catch up with the black, who pro- duces a 25 cm. bread-knife as well as a vicious looking stiletto. We take possession of both.



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FOR THE legion of Bogart and Bacall fans who believe their marriage was just a little less sacrosanct than Joseph and Mary's, I have bad news. Bogey had an "executive secretary" named Verita Thompson. Euphemisms aside, Verita has spilled the beans and not a little blood in her book, *Bogey and Me*. She and Bogart were secret lovers while he was still married to his third wife, Mayo Methot. Their very close relationship continued throughout his marriage to Lauren Bacall until (literally) the day Bogart died.

"It was craziness. We were both married and had everything to lose by getting involved in an affair - and I knew (don't ask me how) that it wasn't going to be just a temporary fling."

Humphrey Bogart had Verita Thompson written into many of his movie contracts as his "hair stylist and secretary," so that they could be on location together. She was responsible for the upkeep of his stable of troupees, many of which Thompson had designed herself.

For a brief period after Bogart's marriage to Bacall, Thompson kept her distance.

"We discussed his toupee and the fitting of it for a minute or so, but Bogie suddenly changed the subject by throwing me a haymaker of a question. He asked it quickly and solemnly: 'Any chance that we might pick up where we left off? I mean, not just with the damn mull. I can't get you out of my mind.'"

I was surprised only by the speed of my answer.

"Of course," I said.

Illicit sex tends to sell books. Illicit sex with a big movie star tends to sell lots of books.

Humphrey Bogart is a celluloid legend. *Bogie and Me* should go through the roof. Verita Thompson can't write. So what? I mean, what's a turn of phrase compared to that of a latch-key, especially when Sam Spade's on the other side of the bedroom door?



Humphrey Bogart in an off-guard moment during an evening out. "Unforgettable Hollywood" by Nat Dallingier (Columbus Books, no price stated) is a collection of hundreds of candid-camera photographs by a veteran who worked for Wide World, MGM, and King Features, A.B.

## Toupee or not toupee

**BOGIE AND ME** by Verita Thompson. London, Connet, 240 pp. £5.95. **HOLLYWOOD ON RONALD REAGAN** by Doug McClelland. Winchester, Faber and Faber, 247 pp. £6.95.

**PETER O'TOOLE** by Michael Freedland. London, Connet, 237 pp. £5.95.

**HOW TO LIVE TO BE 100 OR MORE** by George Burns. London, Robson, 187 pp. £5.95.

Richard Penniman

"RONALD REAGAN just signed the new tax law. But I think he was in Hollywood too long. He signed it. Best wishes, Ronald Reagan."

Johnny Carson said that, and it you want to read what all the rest of the Hollywood luminaries have to say about the fortieth president of

the United States, Doug McClelland has pasted together a little item you're simply going to adore. If you ignore a number of acid remarks by his co-stars, *Hollywood on Ronald Reagan* is tailor-made for all his fans (don't laugh, they're out there), replete with "over 100 pictures and 300 quotes." The gossip herein is every bit as titillating as a nude centre-fold of E.T. For instance, this 1942 tidbit:

"Chief among Hollywood pipe collectors is Ronald Reagan, who was amassing the implements for a hearty smoke screen long before he met Jane Wyman. After they were married and she moved into the Reagan apartment, the little woman continued to encourage Ronnie and to gloat as happily as he did whenever a particularly exciting specimen was added. She conferred with him upon the exact spot in the Reagan

den to be occupied by each new pipe. This happy state continued until Miss Maureen Elizabeth Reagan came home from the hospital with her mother. The Reagans didn't want to move, but they had to leave a nursery. You guessed it: the younger generation took over the den, and Ronnie's pipes got deported to his studio dressing room!"

Wow. A few more paragraphs like that one and *rigor mortis* begins to set in, right? *Hollywood on Ronald Reagan* contains the same depth, clarity and insight as the man it embraces.

MICHAEL FREEDLAND'S biography, *Peter O'Toole*, is a pedestrian account of a gifted actor gone awry. Like his drinking companion, Richard Burton, Peter O'Toole made his mark on the English stage and then abandoned it (at least temporarily) for the big bucks of movie stardom. His debut could not have been more auspicious. O'Toole played the title role in David Lean's epic, *Lawrence of Arabia*. The film won the Academy Award for the Best Picture and proclaimed Peter O'Toole an instant success (if you can call working in a film that took almost three years of his life "instant").

Unfortunately, (in this he resembled Orson Welles in relation to Charles Foster Kane), Peter O'Toole was shackled to the spectre of T.E. Lawrence. Every cinematic move he made thereafter was held up to the blinding, desert light of his riveting performance as Lawrence, and was found (perhaps deservedly) wanting. O'Toole distanced himself from Lawrence's persona as much as he could. He next played Henry II in the film version of *Anouilh's Becket*. The Lawrentian blonde hair disappeared. A moustache and beard were grown, and O'Toole listened to Paul Robeson records in the hope of his changing speaking voice.

In 1959, O'Toole had won the London Critics Award for Best

Actor of the Year. In 1980, his performance in the title role of *Macbeth* made him the laughing-stock of the theatrical world. The critics savaged him. People lined up at the box office for a chance to see Peter O'Toole make a fool of himself. From all reports they were not disappointed. Michael Freedland's book deals with the intervening two decades in a smooth, lackadaisical manner and doesn't even have the courtesy (or sense) to provide a filmography of his subject's work. For O'Toole devotees only.

GEORGE BURNS, the cigar-chomping octogenarian, has (with the help of four writers) written his third book, *How To Live To Be 100 - Or More*. A literary triumph it ain't, but if you enjoy the oldest Oscar-winner's for *The Sunshine Boys* at the age of 80, in 1975) Borscht Belt-style of comedy, it wouldn't be such a bad investment.

For 38 years, George Burns was married to one of the funniest women that ever lived, Gracie Allen. Since her death, Burns' solid success as an actor, comedian (in his own right) and country singer (!) has come as nothing short of a revelation to his colleagues in the entertainment business. And now the man is a best-selling author, with thought-provoking chapter headings such as "Exercise Can Do Wonders: Look at Me, But Not Too Closely" and "If It Wears Out, You Can Get A New One."

Inside this book are pictures of pretty girls and lots of funny lines, and if you don't mind shelling out the shekel equivalent of six pounds stalling for 187 pages of jocular fluff, *How To Live To Be 100 - Or More*, is for you.

"When I made my last movie, I was being examined for insurance, and the doctor asked me how old I was. I told him 86, and he said, 'When did sex stop for you?' I said, 'At three o'clock this morning.' You're right - I passed the exam."

## The interned

**HAVEN** by Ruth Gruber. New York, Coward-McCann, 335 pp. \$15.95.

Shirley Granovetter

IN 1944, Franklin D. Roosevelt, in a late and minimal gesture, granted entry to the United States of 1,000 refugees, not all of them Jewish. Two conditions were attached to this concession: firstly, that the refugees would be interned in Oswego, New York; secondly, that they would return to Europe at war's end.

Young Ruth Gruber became the Mamma of the group. She met them in Italy, sailed with them to New York, and spent time with them at the camp in Oswego. They came to her with their problems and she solved them. They came to her with their joys and she shared them.

Miraculously they were allowed to become immigrants. This adds an interesting dimension to the story. Where are they now? What are they doing? Ruth Gruber has traced many of them and writes about what she has found.

When I still lived in Manhattan, I found myself one icy afternoon standing in a queue outside a famous gourmet shop on the upper West Side. Zabar's, of course. Well, Zabar's wouldn't be there today if Ruth Gruber's delicate mission had failed.

CHICAGO, I always imagined, was a city of vulgarity and hoodlums, an overblown, overgrown conglomerate of concrete and glass and steel and shotguns. A place to be avoided at all costs.

And so, I reported in *Sweet Chicago* on my bedside table, a malignant lump, its presence growing more menacing with each passing day. I don't know what eventually moved me to pick it up, but when I did I was captivated. I read it, through at a single sitting. Fourteen straight hours.

Of course, it was not any sort of endurance test. It was sheer pleasure - a glorious, delightful *bon de dieu* by a man who knows and loves the quirk and corner of his victim, and the people who inhabit it.

But this is not just the story of a city; it is the story of a reporter who rode a succession of "dream waves." Len O'Connor stated his career as "pencil" reporter, and then, as the frontiers of communications technology were rolled back, he was among the first in the field of radio and, later, television reporting (for NBC News).

Through it all, though, he never lost sight of the fundamental object of his craft - to gather and report the news as fairly and as accurately as he could. Not for him the angst of the New Journalism: information for O'Connor was bread and butter, and he felt no compulsion to strain it through the prism of his own consciousness or to apply an "assessment" or "analysis" to every small and big event. He judged his audience intelligent enough to arrive at their own conclusions.

"I have always been pretty well fixed in my judgment that, except for rare situations in which a reporter's personal assessment of something is essential to his story, it is of no consequence what he, personally, happens to think about somebody or something; the basic intention of the interview is to get the guy you are talking to to say what he thinks."

This book is written with grace and with humour, and it offers a vivid picture of a dynamic city and its people. Like the Chicago mobster who sought refuge from a posse of pursuing cops by plunging into a heap of manure (he succeeded in evading the Law, but destiny soon caught up with him - he was assassinated by a bodyguard in the basement of his own home while cooking Italian sausages).

WHICH IS NOT to trivialize O'Connor and his work. He did indeed rub shoulders with the great "movers and shakers" of his time (mid-'40s to mid-'70s) and he did cover some of the most important stories locally, nationally and internationally. But his overriding passion was reserved for the ordinary people of Chicago. And his great skill was in telling their stories in an entertaining and sensitive manner.

O'Connor's passion for his people, though, was matched only by the profound contempt in which he held politicians.

"I suppose there is a need for a better class of people to get into the unwashed business of politics. But given a choice, I would rather eat hot dogs and quaff beer with precinct captains in a saloon bar than spend an evening in some fancy spot with well-mannered people who delicately scoop up a little cheese dip and wash it down with white wine."

But the special and lasting value of this book is in the descriptions of those pioneering periods of radio and television reporting. Just listen to O'Connor describe those early days in the television studio:

"No one on camera was really

## The storytellers

**A REPORTER IN SWEET CHICAGO** by Len O'Connor. Chicago, Contemporary Books, \$16.95.

**READ ALL ABOUT IT!** by Sidney Zion. New York, Summit Books, 362 pp. \$16.50.

**WITNESS TO WAR** by Antoinette Meeker. New York, Beaufort Books, 274 pp. \$17.95.

**NEWSPAPERMAN** by Richard H. Meeker. New Haven and New York, Ticknor & Fields, 294 pp. \$17.95.

Douglas Davis

very good in the beginning, as I recall, though everybody tried to work up an acceptable style for this new medium.

"There were no teleprompters; the commercial announcers were forced to memorize their spiels, and some of them ended up as gibbering idiots when they couldn't remember their lines."

"There was precious little news film available, and we had to resort to eight-by-ten glossy prints and hastily prepared graphics."

"The radio engineers, who were also learning a new trade, pushed their bulky cameras around to an easel on which the pictures had been placed and worked feverishly to get the glossy or graphic in focus before the control room switched to them and put this picture of theirs on the air."

"It got pretty hilarious at times, and everybody agreed that television was a good way to get ulcers. A lot of people involved in all this were convinced that televised news would never amount to anything."

So much for that.

SIDNEY ZION is something else altogether. He is never far from the centre of any story he happens to be covering. His big scoop - revealing the name (Daniel Ellsberg) of the man who leaked the Pentagon Papers to the press - ensured that, for a

time at least, Sidney Zion would be the focus of attention.

Zion, a former *New York Times* staffer, went on to found the muck-raking magazine *Scanlan's Monthly* (now defunct). And his book, *Read All About It!*, is an account of his turbulent life and career.

Or more precisely, the autobiographical section forms an extended introduction to a collection of his pieces which have appeared in assorted *New York* journals.

Whatever opinion one might form of the writer (and his personality is a very dominant factor throughout the work), it is hard not to admire the feisty and vibrant style of his writing.

He writes with equal measures of passion about both the Middle East conflict and Jewish gangsters in New York.

On the Middle East: "Israel is being robbed of its political, historic and geographic legitimacy while seeming to rob the Palestinians of a nation (Jordan) (sic) already has."

And on gangsters: "I like all Jewish criminals. As long as they don't kill my friends."

Put the two subjects together and you have vintage Sidney Zion. Consider this observation made in an article (*Harper's*, August 1972) after meeting the legendary Meyer Lansky in Tel Aviv while the mobster was fighting a legal battle to be allowed to stay in Israel:

"To deny Lansky, it occurred to me while talking to him, is to betray a full-blown ghetto mentality. One need make no brief for his character to say this - quite the contrary. For what more abject kow-towing to the goyish world can be conjured up than to say we will vomit up our gangsters to impress you with our goodness."

The only thing Sidney Zion has not been accused of, he tells us, is that he is anti-Israel. Even here, though, he does not pull punches:

is a good many kilometres from nothing-but-the-truth...

"Tax avoidance, protectia - these are the rules of the game in Israel, and he who lives by them will have the wherewithal to indulge all the ancient vices. A visitor to Israel, unless he is on a UJA tour or is a correspondent for the *New York Times*, quickly discovers that just about everything is available in the Promised Land - from gambling to hookers and hashish."

NEWSPAPER EDITORS were among the first to confer equal status on both male and female employees.

And some credit for this must go to Marguerite Higgins, who fought her way through ranks of opposition - and competition - to the battlefields of World War II, Korea and Vietnam, the "great stories" that broke in the course of her brilliant career.

Antoinette May indeed lighted on a fabulous subject for her biography *Witness to War*. A startlingly intelligent, strikingly attractive, ambitious woman, Higgins possessed an almost uncanny news sense - and an ability to be in the right place at exactly the right time.

She possessed at least two other qualities that were to prove invaluable to her success: a determination to get where she wanted to go by whatever means available, and an equally fierce determination to get her story back to her paper (the *New York Herald Tribune*), again by whatever means available.

Nor did she shy away from using her feminine charms to get what she wanted in the endless quest to steal a march on her rivals. Recalls a friend: "If you mention any man who had anything going for him at all, you can be certain that Marguerite had some kind of association with him."

"But why not? I've never understood why people got so annoyed about it. God knows, there were enough disadvantages to being a woman in a so-called man's world..."

"People accused Marguerite of taking advantage of men, but I could never understand that. Her relationships, sexual or otherwise, were mutually pleasurable associations. Whose was the advantage?"

But it was not on a succession of inner-sprung mattresses that Marguerite Higgins proved herself; it was in the sheer guts and skills that she displayed, very often in the most perilous conditions on the battlefields of Europe and Asia.

"She's either brave or stupid," commented one colleague, a war correspondent in Korea. "Her energy and recklessness make it tough on all the others."

In 1951, Marguerite Higgins became the first woman to be awarded a Pulitzer Prize (for overseas reporting).

But her good fortune was to run out, as for so many others, in Vietnam. On one of her many visits to report from the battle zone, Higgins contracted a rare tropical disease. And in 1966, at the age of 45, she was dead.

LIKE ANY self-respecting Jewish-immigrant mother in New York at the turn of the century, Rose Neuhaus instilled a single message into the consciousness of her son Solomon: If you use your brains and work hard, you can do anything you want.

Young Solomon Neuhaus changed his name to Sammy Newhouse and took her at her word. And when S.I. Newhouse died in 1979, he left a vast communications empire that humbled even that of the powerful Hearsts.

In fact, the title of Richard Meeker's biography of Newhouse - *Newspaperman* - is something of a mis-

nomer. For Newhouse knew little about newspapers (and cared even less). More accurate would have been the title "Businessman," for newspapers - and later magazines and radio and television stations - just happen to be the commodities that Newhouse traded in.

He paid scant attention to the editorial quality of his products, concentrating his considerable skills and attention on the financial management of the enterprises. His great battles had nothing whatever to do with principles of press freedom or the public's right to know; rather they were bitter - often dirty - skirmishes with unions which defied him and with his competition. Newhouse was ruthless. Invariably he won. Always he prospered.

"Unaffected by the romance of journalism or by its element of public service," writes Meeker of his subject, "he lacked the incentive that made other great publishers - like the Sulzbergers and the Gramscys - strive for greatness in their news and editorial columns, as well as in their quarterly financial statements."

"For Newhouse, a newspaper was not a newspaper at all. It was a package whose purpose was to carry advertising."

There is nothing to be learned about newspapers in *Newspaperman*, but a good deal about how one man succeeded - using savvy and brute force - in securing a giant chunk of the industry.

## Lone star

IN A NARROW GRAVE (Essays on Texas) by Larry McMurtry. Albuquerque, University of New Mexico Press, 175 pp. No price stated.

D'vora Ben Shaul

WHEN ONE decides to swallow a subject like Texas one can easily get indigestion, and McMurtry, whose family have been in West Texas for more than a century, seems to have suffered the pangs of some majestic attacks in the writing of these essays.

With a pen as sharp as a mesquite thorn the author stabs away at Texas and Texans and slaughters many a sacred longhorn on the way. Of the \$45 million Astrodone in Houston, called *erhi-Texas* by McMurtry, he says: "I could have believed it without seeing it." He then gives a description of the monstrous construction "like the working end of a giant roll-on deodorant." That it was made for the comfort of sports fans is no excuse, he says. "Sports fans probably deserve and may even need the bad weather they get. Braving frostbite and sunstroke helps keep their sadistic and masochistic tendencies in balance. Increasing their comfort might make them meaner."

McMurtry takes his reader into the life and psyche of the cowboy in suburbia and discusses the sexual mores of Texans in Archer county, the home of the McMurtry clan. He also reviews the writings of fellow Texans and tells the story of his own family; as a boy, his father sat on the barn roof and watched the last of the great trail drives go by. From corral to country club he peers into the windows of the souls of Texans.

When the book was first published in hardback in 1968 one reviewer commented that McMurtry was like a surgeon doing an autopsy on his mother. This, I think, is less than the whole picture. He reminds me more of an Oedipal shrink psychoanalyzing his mum to see why she seems so seductive to him.

THE MOST ingenious writing in this book, surprisingly enough, is found in neither of these two narratives, but in the five-page Author's Foreword. Contorting in his introduction like an India-rubberman, the writer all but disappears up his own fundament in an effort to explain how these pieces came to be written, why they are so stunningly coherent, and why they are breathlessly interdependent.

When a writer reveals that it started in a hotel in India in 1967, continued in a library in Trinidad in 1972, took a quantum if incomplete leap in a hut in Venezuela 1977, became the subject of an editor's query in 1981, got written up in four months in 1982, just happened to dovetail perfectly with his next piece of work in 1983, and all locked together like bank-vault tumblers for publication in 1984, well, I think we can rightly harbour some suspicions.

The suspicions, alas, are well-founded. Naipaul is rarely uninteresting, but in this book he dances mightily close to the brink. For all his protestations, his opening piece, "Prologue to an Autobiography," is a rambling account with far too many diversions and detours to bring him anywhere near that centre which his title proclaims he has found.

TO BE SURE, there are some fine things here: the image of the young Trinidadian Hindu just down from Oxford and tapping out his first fictions at a BBC typewriter; the glimpses of Naipaul's hard-pressed journalist father compromising his

## Naipaul begins to pall

**FINDING THE CENTRE: TWO NARRATIVES** by V.S. Naipaul. London, Andre Deutsch, 189 pp. £7.95.

S.T. Meravi



standing in the community by covering the Indian population for the Port of Spain *Guardian*. But none of it in any way adds up to an answer to that elusive question of what makes the writer write; it is not even clear why Naipaul thinks the question interesting.

Perhaps the pursuit of the un-

interesting is the link to the second piece in the book, "The Crocodiles of Yamaoussoukro." This is about the Ivory Coast, which by Naipaul's account is about as uninteresting a place as one might find. Offered, so the publisher tells us, as a demonstration of how the much-travelled Naipaul operates, the essay has a weary formula: check into a modern hotel, contact some consular and university folk, conduct some interviews in the hotel bar, venture out for a taste of heat and colour, hassle with the taxi driver. And another Third World nation gets Naipauled.

Well, no, it isn't all that bad. Naipauling, at least when V.S. does it, includes an admirable amount of reflection, subtlety and polishing of the prose (the younger brother Shiva is brasher and funnier, but crankier and more heavy-handed). Yet what Vidia Naipaul asks and answers about the Ivory Coast he has asked and answered again and again; the following could come from the centre of just about any of his travel writings:

"The metropolis of Yamaoussoukro awaited full use. But it had been created by foreigners. It was something that had been imported and paid for; and modern buildings like the university were not simply physical monuments that would last; they were like pieces of machinery, liable to decay. The new world existed in the minds of others. The

skills could be learned, but faith in the new world was fragile. When the president went, and the foreigners went away (as some people wanted them to), would the faith survive? Or would Africa be claimed by another idea of reality?"

THAT OTHER idea of reality of course is the realm of African black magic, the world where, as an Ivorian university professor of "Drum-mology" tells the author, Africans have telepathy and teleportation and all sorts of things the white man can't comprehend. This is all depressingly familiar to Naipaul, who has heard it in India and in the Moslem world and in his own Caribbean, where communal pressure once forced his father to sacrifice a goat to Kali. Small wonder Naipaul is more impressed by the Ivory Coast's miles of rich, geometric plantations of pineapples and avocados and mangoes - laid out for them by Israelis.

And curiously, Naipaul falls at this point to weigh his own magic, that of his imaginative writing. He admits that his impulse when visiting a place like the Ivory Coast is to fiction, and it is in fiction that Naipaul has repeatedly imposed the insight and order of art on the chaos of changing societies. The Ivory Coast apparently offered nothing unique to inspire a new novel. Why then did Naipaul think it offered enough even for a travelogue? Putting aside all the talmudic twisting in his introduction, either the author didn't find the centre he was seeking, or what he found wouldn't support a cohesive new book.



THE MURDER of six million people is more than the human mind can take in. Many books about the Holocaust have been unable to cope with a crime of such dimensions.

Hence the value, and power, of *The Murders at Bullenhuis Dam*, in which the West German journalist Günther Schwarberg describes the lives and murder of 20 five-to-12 year-old Jewish children and their "chaperones," two French doctors and two Dutch medical orderlies. He records also the quite incidental killing of 24 Russian prisoners of war.

The children were all hanged after being injected with a tranquilizer on the night of April 20-21, 1945—mere days before the fall of the Third Reich—in a cellar of a Hamburg school converted by the SS into the annex of a concentration camp.

In their often peculiar way, the West Germans after the war reopened a school on the premises. They eventually renamed it the Janusz Korczak School. Only the cellar—a blank and dirty abattoir—was left unrestored.

Again, in the peculiar way of the Germans, the original plaque at the site commemorated "twenty foreign children" murdered there, with out making any reference to their Jewishness. Following the publication of Schwarberg's book in German in 1980, the plaque was replaced with a somewhat more enlightening one.

The privates and corporals who placed the noose around the children's necks, and then hanged them from "hooks like pictures on a wall," were tried and executed. But their commander, the man who oversaw the executions, SS lieutenant Alfred Strippel, has still not stood trial or been punished.

He spent a short while in Allied prisons after the war, received commutation for this from the West German authorities of DM121,500 and now lives a free man in Frankfurt. Strippel had been an SS guard at Buchenwald in 1938, at Natzweiler in 1940, at Majdanek in 1942, at Ravensbrück and at Vught in Holland. He ended his career as an SS-Obersturmführer, in charge of the auxiliary camps of Neuengamme concentration camp, including Bullenhuis Dam, in 1945.

MURDER was the norm in death camps, and in some concentration camps, but the Bullenhuis Dam episode was an unusual one.

Dr. Kurt Heissmeyer, who continued to practise medicine in West Germany after the war, in his own words saw "no difference between guinea pigs and Jewish children." The Bullenhuis Dam 20 were the subject of his experiments; their deaths were ordered to cover up the traces. He had injected these children from Holland, Poland, Italy, France and Yugoslavia, who had long been separated from their parents (who mostly died in death camps) with TB bacilli. Most were close to death when hanged.

During his interrogation, in 1964, Heissmeyer said: "Today I realize that by conducting experiments on the children I committed...a crime against humanity, because these children were totally defenceless, and my experiments should actually have required the consent of the guardians." He added: "I have always been conscious of the fact that I gained valuable knowledge in Neuengamme that helped my future patients and indeed was a blessing for them many times over. Last but not least, I learned to observe psychological processes at Neuengamme, as paralytic as that may seem...What I learned there, other colleagues of mine in private prac-

## Hanged i

THE MURDERS AT BULLENHUIS-DAM by Günther Schwarberg. Bloomington, Indiana: University Press. 178 pp. \$17.50.

KLAUS BARBIE, BUTCHER OF LYONS by Tom Iower, London, Michael Joseph. 255 pp. £10.95

MOONLESS NIGHT by R.A. James, London, William Kimber. 224 pp. £10.50

Benny Morris

He often had to acquire in difficult circumstances and without the possibility for clinical observation—in the beginning not always such a good thing for the patients.

Schwarberg has some nice touches. He observes in passing that a janitor, one Wilhelm Wede, was in the room next to the school cellar while the murders were taking place. "He said later that he heard nothing of what was going on that night... In the morning, when he went to look after the heating, he threw into the furnace whatever was lying around. Some wooden toys and a couple of old dolls."

Then there is the case of the Auschwitz guard, visited by his son one Sunday "at work." "He was about eight or ten... He asked me, 'Daddy, why does it smell so bad here?' What could I tell the boy? I told him it was the Wistula River, or the water, or this or that, but he did know and my wife did too."

A former concentration camp commandant, Max Pauly, wrote from his death cell to his son: "My dear, dear boy. Always be proud of being German and detest with all your might those who acquiesced in this absolutely false verdict... Please remember my favourite dish—pancakes and chocolate pudding. If I could only eat my fill once more!... Your devoted father."

Schwarberg has assembled court records, interviews, interrogation protocols and previously published works to give a clear picture of the short lives and protracted deaths of the Bullenhuis Dam 20, and of the vagaries or non-existence of West German justice in connection with their murderers.

A BETTER BOOK, though it is difficult to talk of better and worse in this context, is *Klaus Barbie*. Its author, a BBC producer, has already provided a good account, in *Blind Eye to Murder* of how the Allies and West Germany failed to try most of Germany's war criminals.

He attempts in his new book, to "personalize" the Holocaust not through a portrait of the victim but rather of the murderer. Barbie was among the very worst of a very, very bad lot. One tends to forget just how evil they were: they weren't just indifferent men carrying out evil orders. Barbie was a dynamo of enthusiasm and murder. He was a small man, and previously unsuccessful, whose aggressive and sadistic impulses were given free rein by the SS and Gestapo.

Bower traces Barbie's bloody career in southern France, his switch to U.S. Intelligence in the post-war years, and his chequered business career in South America, terminated only by Bolivia's return to democracy, and Barbie's extradition to France in 1982.

Barbie began his Gestapo career hunting down pimps and prostitutes in Berlin in 1936. The women he caught had to "peel potatoes for the

... Barbie sat with a beautiful French woman on his lap. "She never said anything and they even kissed full on the mouth in front of me... Her presence spurred him on. Looking back, I sometimes even think that he wasn't that interested in getting any information."

SOME READERS, however, may find far more appalling Barbie's post-war career as an American intelligence operative. For five whole years American officers—CIA and Army—warded off attempts by Allied courts and investigators to lay their hands on Barbie, who had been condemned to death in absentia in France, and would have been tried if arrested. The Americans would deny knowledge of his whereabouts, or provide false clues. They knew a good deal, if not everything, of Barbie's exploits in and around Lyons, but protected him. They valued him as a fine anti-Communist agent, and believed that his post-war successes were largely due to his experience in dealing with Communists in Occupied France.

Eventually, the heat got too intense, and American Intelligence had him smuggled via the "Rat Line" out of Europe. Like other Nazis, he settled down in Latin America, where he became a moderately successful timber merchant before emerging as a security consultant to right wing groups and dictators.

According to Bower, Barbie imported Uzi submachineguns and Gali rifles to Bolivia. "The most sensational of all these arms deals is his alleged purchase in 1967 of small arms from Belgium, ostensibly for Israel... The use by Israel of a German of uncertain origin for services concerning its very survival is not unusual," writes Bower. However, he offers no proof for his allegation, as he does, quite abundantly if not always convincingly, for most of the book.

To trace the career, especially the post-war career, of a Nazi war criminal is almost by definition difficult. Details are hard to come by (especially if the war criminal was later employed by the CIA). Bower

"No visits allowed," barked the Feldwebel.

"But he is my brother, surely you will allow me to see him?"

"I repeat, visits are strictly forbidden."

"But I have travelled 300 miles," the Pole insisted. "I must see him."

"Du, Schweinhund," shouted the Feldwebel. "Raus." He threw the Pole bodily out of the camp (which was in a Berlin suburb). The Pole took a train to the railway station, caught a train to Stettin, and then a ship to Sweden and freedom.

Getting out of Stalag Luft 1 and then III proved less easy, James found.

Days and nights the flyers spent in the tunnels, oppressed by claustrophobia and afraid of sudden cave-ins, they despaired each time the Germans found a tunnel before it was completed.

IN APRIL 1945, James found himself in Flossenbürg KZ, and then in a mad SS convoy, travelling rather aimlessly south. No one really wanted to take responsibility for killing the flyers; the SS officers in charge hoped the flyers could be traded off with the advancing Allies for their freedom, or else for easier conditions in prison.

Then the flyers were bundled into buses with other tradeworthy prisoners who included the former French premier, Leon Blum, the former Austrian chancellor, Kurt von Schuschnigg, the industrialist Fritz Thyssen, the Soviet foreign minister's nephew, Vassili Molotov, and others.

The curious convoy eventually halted at Villabassa, after it had run out of petrol. Over the next two days the SS men prepared to liquidate the Allied prisoners; Italian partisans in the surrounding hills were poised to attack the SS men; German generals in nearby towns tried to trade the prisoners for their own lives and well-being, and Allied units were advancing from the South. Sanity won out, and a German general arranged for disloyal troops to disarm the SS killer squad before it could open fire. Partisans later disposed of the SS men as they tried to flee northwards.

## Revival

HEBREW BOOKS, ARTICLES AND DOCTORAL THESES on Contemporary Hebrew Published in Israel (1948-1980), edited by Ben-Zion Fishler, Jerusalem, Council on the Teaching of Hebrew. xiv + 194 pp. \$7.80.

Joseph A. Reif

TOURISTS to Israel usually include *fasada* in their itineraries and mar-  
"I at the huge cisterns, Herod's  
... and the whole concept of the  
it citadel. They visit kibbutzim  
and are shown tangible evidence of  
Israel's accomplishments in its re-  
latively short history. But it is diffi-  
"It to display one major accom-  
plishment—the revival of Hebrew  
as a modern language.

This volume, No. 6 in the *Min Ha-Sadna* series of the Council on the Teaching of Hebrew, is a bibliography of books, articles and theses published in Hebrew in Israel from 1948 to 1980 on the subject of the Hebrew language itself. It has five sections: 1) anthologies, congress proceedings, and similar collections; 2) linguistic and literary journals and annuals; 3) books; 4) authors and their publications; and 5) an index of the works in (4) according to subject matter. An introduction by Prof. Menachem Z. Kaddari details the development of linguistic discussion of Hebrew from the adju-  
"In the '30s Menten and Pistyner  
became involved in a drawn-out legal  
dispute over the timber rights to a  
forest owned by the latter. Young  
Lieber, however, was not interested  
in the dispute and remained friendly  
with Menten until he left for Pales-  
tine. In September 1939 the Lwow  
area, which was part of Eastern  
Poland, was occupied by the Rus-  
sians; Western Poland was occupied  
by the Germans. But in June, 1941  
the Germans pushed the Russians  
back and occupied Eastern Galicia.

In January 1945 Kana'an, in Tel Aviv, met a former acquaintance from Lwow who told him that the Jews of Podhorodze and his nearest relatives in Lwow had been murdered by, or at the orders of, Menten, who had returned with the Germans in July 1941.

THE BLOOD OF HIS SERVANTS by Malcolm MacPherson. New York, Times Books. 310 pp. \$16.95. (Also published by Weidenfeld & Nicolson, London, under the title *The Last Victim*; £9.95.)

THE figures from this book alone are staggering: 47 collections of articles, 64 journals and annuals (of which 51 still appear regularly), 113 books, and almost 1,000 entries in the author section. All this in a period of 33 years in a country whose Hebrew-speaking population is only now around 3,000,000

WHAT THE EDITORS decided not to include is even more astounding—the vast literature up to 1948, writings in languages other than Hebrew, publications abroad, and the articles and reviews in daily newspapers and non-professional publications. However, the pre-1948 material has been documented elsewhere, and the editors promise that No. 7 of the series will be devoted to the other sources.

It goes without saying that Hebrew teachers and researchers will find the present volume a valuable reference work. So it is a shame that it won't be shown to tourists. Nobody else has regenerated a language.

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS SHORT STORIES, critical reviews poetry written in English (or translated into English, if accompanied by the original) may be submitted to *Argo*, a literary magazine published by students and graduates in Oxford. This five-year old journal appears twice a year (subscription \$10). For the next three months, submissions should be addressed to *Argo's* Israel editor:

Ruth Finer Mintz,  
Neve Granot 3/5  
Rehov Avraham Granot,  
93706 Jerusalem.  
(Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope)

## The Menten affair



THE BLOOD OF HIS SERVANTS by Malcolm MacPherson. New York, Times Books. 310 pp. \$16.95. (Also published by Weidenfeld & Nicolson, London, under the title *The Last Victim*; £9.95.)

Henriette Boas

among others, a high-ranking SS General, Eberhard Schoengarth, whom he had met in Cracow and who was later transferred to Holland. Schoengarth, incidentally, was later hanged by the British.

Immediately after the war, Menten was arrested for collaboration with the enemy; he was eventually sentenced to three years' imprisonment. He was not tried for war crimes committed in Poland, about which nothing was known at the time.

THIS is the third book written by Israeli journalists and writers on the Lebanese war, but the first to have been written in English for the non-Israeli public. Translations of the other two books: *Snowball* by Shimon Shiffer, and *The War of Deception* by Ehud Yaari and Zeev Schiff, will soon be appearing in English (and other languages). Since the latter books were written for Israeli readers, their authors took it for granted that their public would have a basic knowledge of Lebanese history, the PLO and its goals, and the lack of consensus in Israel on the Lebanese War in connection with anything beyond the first 40 kilometres of penetration. Shiffer, Yaari and Schiff concentrated, therefore, on the political, diplomatic and military aspects of the war. Dan Bavy and Eliahu Salpeter, on the other hand, have concentrated on the background and accompanying events.

Furthermore, whereas the first two books are based on top secret documents, apparently leaked by very good sources indeed, *Fire in Beirut* does not reveal any facts which were not published in one of

## Why and wherefore

FIRE IN BEIRUT: Israel's War in Lebanon with the PLO by Dan Bavy and Eliahu Salpeter. New York, Stein and Day. 261 pp. \$18.95

Susan Hattis Rolef

the Israeli dailies or discussed on radio and television. There are, in addition, several minor factual errors in Bavy's and Salpeter's description of events. For example, in connection with the Begin-Bashir Jemeyel meeting near Nahariya on September 8, 1982, they describe Bashir arriving and finding a grim-looking prime minister waiting for him. In fact, it was Bashir who was kept waiting, for Begin was delayed.

The strength of the book is in its informational qualities. Its authors are clearly not supporters of the war but they do their best to explain the problems of Israeli policy-makers, and the hostile environment in which they were forced to act in order to

For the next quarter of a century Menten lived quietly in Holland, increased his wealth, travelled, collected works of art and stayed out of the public eye.

But when in 1976 he decided to sell part of his art collection, an article about the impending auction in the mass-circulation Dutch daily *De Telegraaf* drew attention to him once more.

The story came to the notice of Haviv Kana'an, who in 1949 had unsuccessfully tried to have Menten prosecuted in Holland for war crimes committed in Poland. The Dutch-Jewish journalist Hans Knoop, who was at the time chief editor of the weekly *Acrent*, which has since ceased publication established contact with Kana'an and published a number of articles on Menten's involvement in the murders at Podhorodze (and also in

nearby Uryce, which MacPherson does not mention at all).

AT FIRST the legal authorities in Holland did not see how they could prosecute Menten for war crimes committed some 35 years earlier in Eastern Europe against non-Dutch citizens, but in the end, owing to immense public pressure, they decided to arrest him. However, when the police arrived at his villa in Blaricum in December 1976, they found that he and his wife Meta had left on holiday the previous evening.

After several weeks the couple were traced to a village near Zurich. The Dutch minister of justice, Van Agt, who later became premier, flew to Switzerland to obtain Menten's extradition, which was by no means an easy matter—and succeeded.

In April 1977 Menten's trial began before the Amsterdam District Court sitting as a special tribunal; it was to last for 26 sessions and result in a sentence of 15 years' imprisonment for crimes against humanity.

But Menten appealed to the Supreme Court, which annulled the decision of the Amsterdam court because it had not taken into account Menten's claim that in 1952 the then minister of justice, L. Donker (who died a few years later), had promised him immunity against all further charges concerning his wartime conduct.

The Supreme Court referred the case to the Special Tribunal of the Hague District Court, which ruled that such a promise had indeed been made, or at least Menten had reason to believe that he would never again be prosecuted for his wartime conduct. But then the public prosecutor appealed to the Supreme Court. This time the Supreme Court quashed the verdict of the Hague Special Tribunal and referred the case to the Rotterdam Court, which in 1980 sentenced Menten to 10 years' imprisonment.

MACPHERSON'S book is fascinating because the story is fascinating, but it has too many defects to be a good book.

The author was born in Connecticut in 1943—two years after the murders in Podhorodze. From 1968 to 1979 he worked for *Newsweek*. In 1981, a year after Menten's last appearance in court, he was sent a clipping on the case by a friend and he decided to write about it, even though he didn't know a word of

Sabra and Shatilla.

Bavy and Salpeter have the following paragraph about one such atrocity: "The toughest battle took place in Ein al Hilwe, where the PLO had based their southern command. Heading the PLO resistors was a Shi'ite zealot by the name of Haj Ibrahim Rannem, who fought savagely and with much cruelty. He held several hundred Palestinians hostage and, when the Israelis sent Palestinian prisoners to plead with him to free the hostages, he had the prisoners shot dead. He had all the hostages, including the women and children, killed before the camp was finally occupied by the Israelis."

UNFORTUNATELY, Bavy and Salpeter yield to the temptation of speculating about Israel's political future. They ponder Yitzhak Navon's chances of becoming chairman of the Israel Labour Party, or whether the disastrous state of the Israeli economy will influence a future general election (they completed their book before it was known that early elections would take place in July, 1984). Such speculations make their book seem out-

Dutch.

Various angles are possible for a book on the Menten affair—political, legal, and so on. MacPherson, however, chose to present a contrast between a hero and a villain. The villain is of course Menten, the hero, in more than one sense, is Kana'an. Kana'an is also "The Last Victim," which is the title of the English edition. It refers to the fact that, after giving evidence in Rotterdam, Kana'an fell and suffered a severe concussion which kept him hospitalized for months.

MacPherson's mistakes: many Dutch names are misspelled (Borge-sius, the editor-in-chief of *De Telegraaf*, appears as Bokhasius); he is not familiar with Dutch territory (Blaricum, where Menten had a villa, is not "an Amsterdam suburb"); the famous Rijksmuseum, which was built between 1876 and 1883, is not "an elegant Renaissance building."

MacPherson interviewed me for about an hour two years ago, and got his facts about me wrong too: I do not live in a "bungalow", but in a row-house; my doctorate is not from the Sorbonne, but from the University of Amsterdam; and I am Ashkenazi, not Sephardi.

There are also a number of major mistakes. Menten is not from a very prominent family; there is no connection between him and the Mentens who helped to found Shell. MacPherson uses this lofty background to explain many things. It is true that Menten claimed this himself, but the claim was conclusively disproved before the Amsterdam District Court.

His harsh judgment of the Dutch resistance is a shame. It is true that in the months before the Liberation it was joined by elements who pursued their own interests. But those who resisted earlier were courageous people who deserve better than MacPherson's condemnation.

Worst of all are the many damaging pages he devotes to Prince Bernhard, who, according to him, is the second villain in the piece. MacPherson alleges that he protected Menten throughout. But nothing of the kind has ever been established. The protection that Menten enjoyed during the immediate post-war years was from certain high-ranking Dutch Roman Catholic parliamentarians, including the chairman of the Senate, the late Dr. L. Kortenhorst, who was also his lawyer at the time.

dated, which in essence it is not.

I think Bavy and Salpeter are wide of the mark when they write that, as a result of the war, "an increasing number of Palestinians express interest in the possibility of Israel annexing the West Bank and the Gazi Strip." That sounds very much like the wishful thinking of the Likud. It is less realistic certainly than Labour expectations that the majority of Palestinians will finally opt for peaceful coexistence. The extremists on both sides still seem to have the upper hand for the time being.

English readers who want detailed information about the Lebanese war should wait a few months till the Shiffer, Yaari and Schiff books appear in English. But this book is required reading for those more interested in the background, or who are engaged in informational work, whether officially or privately.

Just one query. Why did the authors insist on misspelling so many names which have a correct Latin version, for example Prof. Arens (not Ahrens), Martin Schleyer (not Shleier), Camille Chamoun (not Shamoun)?